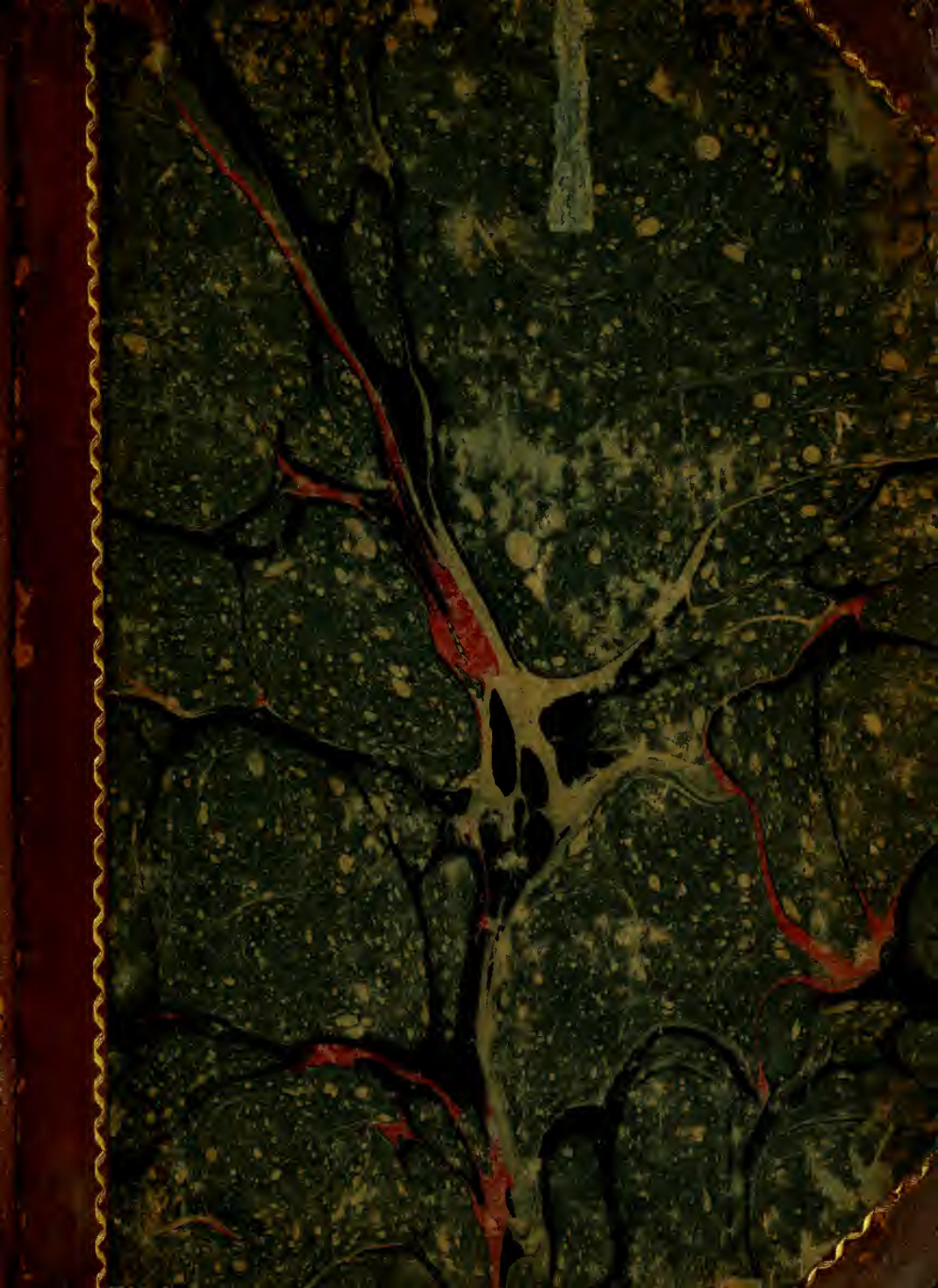


Accessions
149.693

Shelf No.
G 3972.31

Barton Library.

Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.
Received May, 1873.
Not to be taken from the Library.

1808 Byrg's Sale at Kingsp
- 10 -

BIBLIOTHECA
KENNEDIANA

(c. & f.)

Farmers copy sold for 1.2.0
Dodds — 6.6
Rexlight — — — 9.6

The only edition

THE SILVER AGE,

INCLVDING.

The loue of *Iupiter* to *Alcmena:*
The birth of *Hercules.*

AND

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

CONCLVDING,

With the Arraignement of the Moone.

Written by THOMAS HEYVVOOD.

Aut prodeſſe ſolent aut delectare.

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes,* and are to be ſold by *Beniamin Lightfoote* at his Shop at the vpper end of *Graies Inne-lane* in *Holborne.*
1613.

Barton
14.9.698
May, 1873

To the Reader.

LEt not the Title of this booke I entreate bee any weakening of his worth, in the generall opinion. Though wee begunne with *Gold*, follow with *Siluer*, proceede with *Brasse*, and purpose by Gods grace, to end with *Iron*. I hope the declining Titles shall no whit blemish the reputation of the Workes: but I rather trust that as those Mettals decrease in valew, so *è contrario*, their books shall encrease in substance, weight, and estimation. In this we haue giuen *Hercules* birth and life: In the next wee shall lend him honour and death. Courteous Reader, it hath bene my serious labour, it now onely attends thy charitable censure.

Thine,

T. H.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Homer.

Acriſius.
Pretus.
Bellerephon.
Perſeus.
Danaus.
Iupiter.
Ganimed.
Amphitrio.
Socia.
Euriſteus.
Hercules.
Theſeus.
Perithous.
Philoctetes.
Mercury,
Triton.
Pluto.
Cerberus.
Rhadamantus
Aſculaphus.

Q. Aurea.
Andromeda.
Alcmena.
Iuno.
Iris.
Galantis.
Hypodamia.
Ceres.
Proſerpine.
Semele.
Tellus.
Arethuſa.
A Guard.
2. Captaines.
6. Centaures.
Seruingmen.
Swaines.
Theban Ladies.
The ſeuen Planets.
Furies.

The Siluer Age.

Actus I. *Scœna* I.

Enter HOMER.

SInce moderne Authors, moderne things haue trac't,
Serching our Chronicles from end to end,
And all knowne Hiſtories haue long bene grac't,
Bootleſſe it were in them our time to ſpend
To iterate tales oftentimes told ore,
Or ſubiects handled by each common pen;
In which euen they that can but read (no more)
Can poynt before we ſpeake, how, where, and when
We haue no purpoſe: *Homer* old and blinde,
Of eld, by the beſt iudgements tearm'd diuine,
That in his former labours found you kinde,
Is come the ruder cenſures to refine:
And to vnlocke the Casket long time ſhut,
Of which none but the learned keepe the key,
Where the rich Iewell (*Poëſie*) was put.
She that firſt ſearch't the Heauens, Earth, Ayre, and Sea.
We therefore begge, that ſince ſo many eyes,
And ſeuerall iudging wits muſt taſte our ſtile,
The learn'd will grace, the ruder not deſpiſe:
Since what we do, we for their vſe compile.
Why ſhould not *Homer*, hee that taught in *Greece*,
Vnto this iudging Nation lend like skill.

And into *England* bring that golden Fleece,
For which his country is renowned ſtill.
The *Golden* paſt, *The Siluer age* begins
In *Iupiter*, whoſe ſonne of *Danae* borne,
We firſt preſent, and how *Acriſius* ſinnes
Were puniſh't for his cruelty and ſcorne.
We enter where we left, and ſo proceed,
(Your fauour ſtill, for that muſt helpe at need)

Alarme. *Enter with victory, K. Pretus, Bellerephon, bringing in K. Acriſius priſoner, drum and colours.*

Pretus. Now you that truſted to your *Darreine* ſtrength,
The brazen tower that earſt inclos'd thy childe,
Stand'ſt at our grace, a captiue, and we now
Are *Argos* King, where thou vſurp'ſt ſo late.

Acriſius. Tis not thy power King *Pretus*, but our rigor
Againſt my daughter, and the Prince her ſonne,
(Thus puniſh't by the heauens) haue made thee victor.

Pretus. Twas by thy valor, braue *Bellerephon*,
That took'ſt *Acriſius* priſoner hand to hand.

Beller. The duty of a ſeruice and a ſeruant
I haue expreſt to *Pretus*.

Pretus. By thy valor.
We reigne ſole King of *Argos*, where our brother
Hath tyrannis'd, and now theſe brazen walles,
Built to inmure a faire and innocent maide,
Shall be thine owne Iayle. Gyue his legges in Irons,
Till we determine further of his death.

Acriſius. Oh *Danae*, when I rude and pittileſſe
Threw thee with thy yong infant, to the mercy
Of the rough billowes, in a maſtleſſe boat,
I then incur'd this vengeance. *Iupiter*,
Whoſe father in thoſe bleſt and happy dayes
I ſcorn'd to be, or ranke him in my line,
Hath chaſtis'd me for my harſh cruelty.

Pretus. We are *Iones* rod, and we will execute
The doome of heauen with all ſeuerity:

Such

Such mercy as thy guardiant Beldams had,
(Who for the loue of *Danae* felt the fire)
Thou ſhalt receiue from vs. Away with him.
Acriſius is led bound, and enters Q. Aurea.
Aur. Why doth K. *Pretus* lead his brother bound,
And keepe a greater foe in liberty?
This, this, thou moſt vnchaſt *Bellerephon*,
And canſt thou bluſhleſſe gaze me in the face?
Whom thou ſo lately didſt attempt to force,
Or front the Prince thy maiſter with ſuch impudence,
Whoſe reuerent bed thou haſt practis'd to defile.
Beller. Madame, my Lord.
Aurea. Heare not th'adulterers tongue,
Who though he had not power to charme mine eares,
Yet may inchaunt thine.
Pretus. Beauteous *Aurea*,
If I can proue by witneſſe that rude practiſe,
His life and tortures Il'e commit to thee.
Aurea. What greater witneſſe then *Q. Aurea's* teares?
Or why ſhould I hate you *Bellerephon*,
That (ſaue this practiſe) neuer did me wrong?
Beller. Oh woman, when thou art giuen vp to ſin
And ſhameleſſe luſts, what brazen impudence,
Hardens thy brow?
Aurea Shall I haue right of him?
Pret. Thou ſhalt: yet let me tell my *Aurea*:
This knight hath ſeru'd me from his infancy,
Beene partner of my breaſt and ſecret thoughts:
His ſword hath beene the guardian of my ſtate,
And by the vertue of his ſtrong right hand,
I am poſſeſt of *Arges*. I could reade thee
A Chronicle of his great ſeruices
Freſh in my thoughts, then giue me leaue to pauſe,
Ere I pronounce ſad ſentence of his death.
Aurea. Grant me my L. but a few priuate words
With this diſſembling hypocrite: Il'e tell him
Such inſtance of his heynous enterpriſe,

Shall make him blush, and with effeminate teares,
Publish his riotous wrongs against your bed.
Pretus. We grant you priuacy.
Aurea. Neare vs *Bellerophon.*
Beller. Oh woman, woman.
Aurea. We are alone, yet wilt thou grant me loue,
Put me in hope, and say the time may come,
And my excuse to *Pretus* shall vnsay,
These loud exclaimes, and blanch this *Æthiop* scandall,
As white as is thy natiue innocence:
Loue mee, oh loue mee, my *Bellerophon*
I sigh for thee, I mourne, I die for thee,
Giue me an answere swift and peremptory;
Gaine by thy grant, life; thy deniall, death.
Wilt thou take time and limite mee some hope
By pointing me an houre?
Belleroph, Neuer, oh neuer.
First shall the Sun-god in the Ocean quench,
The daies bright fire, and o're the face of heauen
Spread euerlasting darkenesse.
Aurea. Say no more.
Dogge, deuill, euen before my husbands face
Darst court me, *Pretus* canst thou suffer this?
Iniurious Traytor, think'st thou my chast innocence,
Is to bee mou'd with praiers, or brib'd by promises?
Hath the King hir'd thee to corrupt his bed?
Or is he of that slauish sufferance,
Before his face to see mee strumpeted?
Pretus, by heauen, and all the Gods I vow,
To abiure thy presence, and confine my selfe
To lasting widdow-hood, vnlesse with rigor
Thou chastice this false groome.
Pretus. Bellerophon
Thou hast presum'd too much vpon our loue,
And made too slight account of our high power
In which thy life or death is circumscrib'd.
Beller. My Lord, I should transgresse a Subiects duty,

To

To lay the leaſt groſſe imputation
Vpon the Queene, my beauteous Souerainteſſe,
And rather then to queſtion her chaſte vertues
I laie my ſelfe ope to the ſtricteſt doome,
My ſeruice hath bene yours, ſo ſhall my life,
I yeeld it to you freely.

Pretus. *Aureas* teares,
Contend with thy ſuppoſed innocence
And haue the vpper hand: to ſee thee die
My ſetled loue will not endure: but worſe
Then death can bee, we doome thy inſolence;
Go hence an exile, and returne no more
Vpon thy Knight-hood, but expoſe thy ſelfe
Vnto that monſtrous beaſt of *Cicily*,
Cal'd the *Chimera*, t'hath a Lyons head,
Goats belly, and a poyſonous Dragons traine.
Fight with that beaſt, whom Hoaſts cannot withſtand,
And feede, what Armies cannot ſatisfie.
My doom's irreuocable.

Beller. For all my ſeruice
A faire reward, but by my innocence,
Vertues, and all my honours attributes,
That ſauadge Monſter I will feede, or foile,
Die by his iawes, or bring home honoured ſpoile.

Aurea. Yet, yet, thy body meedes a better graue,
And kill not mee too, whom thy grant may ſaue.

Beller. A thouſand fierce *Chimerae's* firſt I'le feede,
Ere ſtaine mine honour with that damned deed.

Aurea. Againe to tempt me, hence baſe traytor flie,
And as thy guilt's meede, by that monſter die.

Pretus. Away with him, 'tis our milde ſufferance
Begets this impudence, come beauteous *Aurea*
Thou ſhalt bee full reuengde, I know him honourable
In this, and will performe that enterpriſe
Which in one death brings many: let vs now
Inioy our conqueſts, hee ſhall ſoone bee dead,
That with baſe ſleights ſought to corrupt our bed.

Enter Perseus, Andromeda, and Danaus.

Perseus. There stay our swift and winged Pegasus,
And on the flowers of this faire Medow grase,
Thou that first flewst out of the *Gorgons* bloud,
Whose head wee by *Mineruaes* aide par'd off,
And since haue fixt it on our Christall sheild.
This head that had the power to change to stone,
All that durst gaze vpon't; and being plac't here
Retaines that power to whom it is vncas'd:
Hath chandge great *Atlas* to a Mount so high,
That with his shoulders hee supports the skie.
Dana. Perseus, great sonne of *Ioue* and *Danae.*
Famous for your atchieuements through the world
Mineruaes fauorite, Goddesse of Wisedome,
And husband of the sweete *Andromeda.*
Whom you so late from the Sea-monster freed,
After so many deedes of Fame and Honour,
Shall we returne to see our mother *Danae?*
Perseus. Deere brother *Danaus*, the renowned issue
Of King *Pellonus* that in *Naples* raignes,
Where beauteous *Danae* is created Queene,
Thither I'le beare the faire *Andromeda*
To see our Princely mother.
Andro. Royall *Perseus*,
Truely descended from the line of Gods,
Since by the slaughter of that monstrous Whale,
You freed me from that rocke where I was fixt
To be deuoured and made the Monsters prey,
And after wonne me from a thousand hands
By *Phineus* arme, that was my first betroathed,
Ingrate were I your fellowship to shunne,
Whom by the force of Armes you twice haue won.

Enter Bellerephon.

Perseus. Towards *Naples* then, but soft, what Knight's that

So

So passionately deiect? Let vs Salute him,
Whence are you gentle Knight?
Beller. I am of *Arges.*
Perseus. But your aduenture?
Beller. The infernall Monster,
Cal'd the *Chimera* bred in *Cicily.*
Perseus. Thou canst not stake thy life against such oddes,
And not be generously deriu'd, I *Perseus*
The sonne of *Ioue* and *Danae*, offer thee
Assistance to this noble enterprise.
Beller. Are you the noble *Perseus*, whom the world
Crownes with such praise and royall hardinesse?
Fam'd for your winged steed, and your *Gergons* sheild,
And for release of faire *Andromeda*?
Pers. Wee *Perseus* are, and this *Andromeda*,
King *Cepheus* daughter, rescued by our sword,
The keene-edged harpe.
Beller. Let me do you honours
Worthy your State, and tell such newes withall
As shall disturbe the quiet of your thoughts,
I am of *Arges* where *Acrisius* raigned.
Pers. Our Grand-sire, and raignes still.
Beller. His brother *Pretus*
Hath cast him both from stile and kingdome too,
Nor let *Bellerephon* himselfe belie,
It was by vertue of this strong right arme
Which he hath thus requited, to expose me
Vnto this strange aduenture, the full circumstance
I shall relate at leasure,
Pers. Dares King *Pretus*
Depose *Acrisius*, knowing *Perseus* liues?
Guide me faire Knight vnto my place of birth,
Where the great King of *Arges* liues captiu'd,
That I may glaze my harpe in the bloud
Of Tyrant *Pretus.*
Beller. I am sworne by oath
To dare the rude *Cycilian* Monster first,

Whom

Whom hauing slaine, I'le guide you to the rescue
Of K. *Acrisius*.

Perseus. Thou hast fir'd our bloud,
And startled all our spirits *Bellerephon*,
Wee'l mount our *Pegasus*, and through the ayre
Beare thee, vnto that fell *Chimeraes* den:
And in the slaughter of that monstrous beast
Assist thy valour. Thence to *Arges* flye,
Where by our sword th'vsurper next must dye.

Beller. We are proud of your assistance, and withall
Assur'd of Conquest.

Perseus. Faire *Andromeda*,
Danaus shall be your guardiant towards *Arges*,
Where after this atchieuement we will meet,
To giue our grand-sire freedome. Come, lets part,
We through the ayre, you towards *Darreine* towre,
Where Tragicke ruine *Pretus* shall deuoure. *Exeunt*.

Enter K. Pretus, and Q. Aurea.

Pretus. *Aurea*, we were too hasty in our doome,
To loose that knight, whose arme protected vs,
Whose fame kept all our neighbour Kings in awe:
Nor was our state confirm'd, but in his life.

Aurea. Let Traitors perish, and their plots decay,
And we still by diuine assistance sway.

Pretus. But say some Prince should plot *Acrisius* rescue,
Inuade great *Arges*, or siege *Darreine* tower,
Then should we wish *Bellerephon* againe,
To expose their fury, and their pride restraine.

Aurea. To cut off all these feares, cut off *Acrisius*,
Appeare to him a brother full as mercilesse
As he a cruell father, to his childe,
The beauteous *Danae* and her infant sonne.

Pretus. Onely his ruine must secure our state,
And he shall dye to cut off future claime
Vnto this populous kingdome we enioy.
Our guard, command our captiue brother hither,
Whom we this day must sentence. Oh *Bellerephon*!

Thy

Thy wrongs I halfe ſuſpect thy doome: Repent,
Since all thy acts proclaime thee innocent.
Guar. Behold the King your brother. { *Acriſius brought in*
Pretus. We thus ſentence { *by the guard.*
Thy life *Acriſius*, thou that hadſt the heart
To thruſt thy childe into a maſtleſſe boate;
With a faire hopefull Prince, vnto the fury
And rage of the remorſleſſe windes and waues:
To doome theſe innocent Ladies to the fire,
That were her faultleſſe guardians; the like ſentence
Receiue from vs: We doome thee imminent death
Without delay or pauſe. Beare to the blocke
The tyrant, he that could not vſe his raigne
With clemency, we thus his rage reſtraine.
Acriſ. Thou ſhew'ſt thy ſelfe in rigor pittifull,
And full of mercy in thy cruelty,
To take away that life, which to enioy
Were many deaths, hauing my *Danae* loſt
With her ſonne *Perſeus*: hauing loſt my kingdome,
All through the vaine feares of Prophetike ſpelles:
Why ſhould I wiſh a wretched life to ſaue,
That may reſt happy in a peacefull graue?
Pre. What ſhout is that? the proiect? { *A flouriſh and a ſhout.*
Gentl. Strange and admirable. { *Enter a gentleman.*
Bellerephon and a braue ſtrange knight,
Both crownd in bloud in the *Chimeraes* ſpoyle,
Haue cleft the ayre on a ſwift winged ſteede,
And in your Court alighted; both their ſwords
Bath'd in the Serpents bloud, they brandiſh ſtill,
As if they yet ſome monſter had to kill.
Pretus. *Bellerephon* return'd?
Thou haſt amaz'd vs.
Enter Perſeus, Danaus, *and* Bellerophon, *with* Andromeda.
Kill Pretus *and* Aurea, *beat away the reſt of the guard.*
Perſeus One monſter (then the rude *Chimere* more fell)
That's *Pretus*, *Danaes* ſonne muſt ſend to hell.
Pretus. Treaſon. Our guard.

Perseus. Liues there a man, the tyrant *Pretus* dead,
Saith that the Crowne shall not inuest his head?
All. We all stand for the King *Acrisius.*
Pers. Then by his generall sufferage once more raignē,
Since by our hand th'vsurper here lyes slaine.
Acrisius. Our hopeless life, and new inuested state,
Strikes not so deepe into *Acrisius* ioyes,
As when he heares the name of *Danaes* sonne.
Liues *Danae*?
Perseus. Grand-sire, thy faire daughter liues
A potent Queene: we *Perseus* are her sonne,
This *Danaus* your hopefull grand-childe too:
Nor let me quite forget *Andromeda*,
By *Perseus* sword freed from the huge Sea-whale,
And now ingraft into your royall line.
Acris. Diuide my soule amongst you, and impart
My life, my state, my kingdome, and my heart.
Oh had I *Danae* here, my ioyes to fill,
I truely then should be immortalis'd.
Renowned *Perseus*, *Danaus* inly deere,
And you bright Lady, faire *Andromeda*,
You are to me a stronger fort of ioy
Then *Darreines* brasse, which no siege can destroy.
Dana. My gran-sires sight doth promise as much blisse,
As can *Elisium*, or those pleasant fields,
Where the blest soules inhabite.
Andro. You are to me
As life on earth, in death eternity.
Acrisius. Let none presume our purpose to controwle:
For our decree is like the doome of Gods
Fixt and vnchanging: *Perseus* we create
Great *Arges* King, crown'd with this wreath of state.
Perseus. With like applause, and sufferage shall be seene,
The faire *Andromeda* crown'd *Arges* Queene.
Acrisius. Onely the *Darreine* tower I still reserue
In that to pennance me a life retir'd,
And I in that shall proue the Oracle.

Faire,

Faire *Danaes* ſonne inſtated in my throne,
Shall thus confine me to an Arch of ſtone.
There will I liue, attended by my guard,
And leaue to thee the manadge of my Realme.
Our will is law, which none that beares vs well,
Will ſtriue by word or action to refell.
Perſ. The Gods beheſt with your reſolue agree
To increaſe in vs this growing maieſty.
Bellerephon, we make thee next our ſelfe
Of ſtate in *Arges*: *Danaus* you ſhall hence,
To cheere our mother in theſe glad reports,
And to ſucceed *Pelonnus*: but firſt ſtay,
Rights due to vs ere we the ſtate can ſway.

Actus 2. Scœna. 1.

HOMER.

Alacke! earths ioyes are but ſhort-liu'd, and laſt
But like a puffe of breath which (thus) is paſt.
Acriſius *in his fortreſſe liues retir'd,*
Kept with a ſtrong guard: Perſeus *reignes ſole King,*
Who in himſelfe one ſad night long deſir'd
To ſee his grand-ſire ſome glad newes to bring,
Whom the ſtearne warders (in the night) vnknowne,
Seeke to keepe backe, whence all his griefe is growne.

A dumbe ſhew.

Enter 6 warders, to them Perſeus, Danaus, Bellerephon *and* Andromeda. Perſeus *takes his leaue of them to go towards the tower: the warders repulſe him, he drawes his ſword. In the tumult enter* Acriſius *to pacifie them, and in the hurly-burly is ſlaine by* Perſeus, *who laments his death. To them* Bellerephon *and the reſt*: Perſeus *makes* Bellerephon *King of Arges, and with* Danaus *and* Andromeda *departs.*

HOMER.

Perſeus *repulſt, the ſturdy Warder ſtrikes,*

This breeds a tumult, out their weapons flye,
Acrisius *heares their clamours and their shrikes,*
And downe descends this broyle to pacifie;
Not knowing whence it growes: and in this brall,
Acrisius *by his grand-childes hand doth fall.*
The Oracle's fulfil'd, hee's turn'd to stone,
That's to his marble graue, by Danaes *sonne;*
Which in the Prince breeds such lament and mone,
That longer there to reigne hee'l not be wonne:
But first Bellerephon *he will inuest,*
And after makes his trauels towards the East.
Of Iupiter *now deifi'd and made*
Supreme of all the Gods, we next proceed:
Your suppositions now must lend vs ayd,
That he can all things (as a God indeed.)
Our sceane is Thebes: *here faire* Alcmena *dwels,*
Her husband in his warfare thriues abroad,
And by his chiualry his foes expels.
He absent, now descends th' Olimpicke God,
Inamored of Alcmena, *and transf-shapes*
Himselfe into her husband: Ganimed
He makes assistant in his amorous rapes,
Whil'st he preferres the earth 'fore Iunoes *bed.*
Lend vs your wonted patience without scorne,
To finde how Hercules *was got and borne.*

Enter Amphitrio *with two Captaines and* Socia *with drum and colours: hee brings in the head of a crowned King, sweares the Lords to the obeysance of* Thebes. *They present him with a standing bowle, which hee lockes in a Casket, and sending his man with a letter before to his wife, with news of his victory. He with his followers, and* Blepharo *the maister of the ship, marcheth after.*

HOMER.

Creon *that now reignes here, the* Theban *King,*
Alcmenaes *husband great* Amphitrio *made*

His

His Generall, who to his Lord doth bring
His enimies head that did his land inuade.
Thinke him returning home, but sends before
By letters to acquaint his beauteous wife
Of his successe, himselfe in sight of shore
Must land this night: where many a doubtfull strife
Amongst them growes, but Ioue *himselfe discends,*
Cuts off my speech, and heere my Chorus ends.

Thunder and lightning. Iupiter *discends in a cloude.*

Iup. Earth before heauen, we once more haue preferd:
Beauty that workes into the hearts of Gods:
As it hath power to mad the thoughts of men,
So euen in vs it hath attraction.
The faire *Alcmena* like the Sea-mans Starre
Shooting her glistering beauty vp to heauen,
Hath puld from thence the olimpick *Iupiter*
By vertue of thy raies, let *Iuno* skold,
And with her clamours fill the eares of heauen,
Let her bee like a Bachinall in rage,
And through our christall pallace breath exclaimes,
With her quicke feete the galaxia weare,
And with inquisitiue voice search through the Spheares.
Shee shall not find vs here, or should she see vs,
Can shee distinguish vs being thus transhapt?
Where's *Ganimed*? we sent him to suruey
Amphitrioes Pallace, where we meane to lodge

Enter Ganimed shapt like Socia.

In happy time return'd: now *Socia.*

Gani. Indeed that's my name, as sure
As your's is *Amphitrio.*

Iup. Three nights I haue put in one to take our fill
Of daliance with this beauteous *Theban* dame.
A powerfull charme is cast or'e Phœbus eies:
Who sleepes this night within the euxine sea,
And till the third day shall forget his charge

To mount the golden chariot of the Sunne,
The Antipodes to vs, ſhall haue a day
Of three daies length. Now at this houre is fought
By *Ioſua* Duke vnto the Hebrew Nation,
(Who are indeede the Antipodes to vs)
His famous battle 'gainſt the *Cananites*,
And at his oriſon the Sunne ſtands ſtill,
That he may haue there ſlaughter, *Ganimed*
Go knocke and get vs entrance. *Exit Iupiter.*

Gani. Before I knocke, let mee a little determine with my ſelfe, If I be acceſſary to *Iupiter* in his amorous purpoſe, I am little better then a parcell guilt baud, but muſt excuſe my ſelfe thus, *Ganimed* is now not *Ganimed*, And if this imputation be put vpon mee, let it light vpon *Socia*, whom I am now to perſonate; but I am too long in the Prologue of this merry play we are to act, I will knocke, and the Seruingmen ſhall enter.

1. *Seruing.* Who knocks ſo late?

Gani. Hee that muſt in, open for *Socia*,
Who brings you newes home of the *Theban* warres.

2. *Ser.* *Socia* returned. *Enter 3. Seruingmen.*

3. *Ser.* Vnhurt, vnſlaine?

Gani. Euen as you ſee, and how, and how?

1. *Ser.* *Socia*? let me haue an armefull of thee.

Gani. Armefuls, and handfuls too, my boyes.

2. *Ser.* The news, the news, how doth my Lord *Amphitrio*?

Gani. Nay, how doth my Lady *Alcmena*, ſome of you cary her word my Lord will be heere preſently.

1. *Ser.* I'le be the meſſenger of theſe glad newes.

2. *Ser.* I'le haue a hand in't too.

3. *Ser.* I'le not be laſt. *Exeunt Seruingmen.*

Gani. They are gone to informe their Lady, who will bee ready to intertaine a counterfeite Lord, *Iupiter* is preparing himſelfe to meet *Alcmena*, *Alcmena*, ſhe to encounter *Iupiter*, her beauty hath inchanted him, his metamorphoſis muſt beguile her: al's put to proofe, I'le into furniſh my Lord whilſt my fellow ſeruants attend their Lady: they come.

Enter

Enter at one dore Alcmena, Theſſala, 4. Seruingmen; at the other Iupiter ſhapt like Amphitrio to Ganimed.

Alcm. But are you ſure you ſpake with *Socia*?
And did hee tell you of *Amphitrioes* health?

1. *Ser.* Madam, I aſſure you, wee ſpake with *Socia*, and my L. *Amphitrio* will be here inſtantly.

Alcm. Vſher me in a coſtly banquet ſtraight
To entertaine my Lord, let all the windowes
Gliſter with lights like ſtarres, caſt ſweete perfumes
To breath to heauen their odoriferous aires,
And tell the Gods my husband's ſafe return'd,
If you be ſure 'twas *Socia*.

2. *Ser.* Madam take my life, if it be not true.

Alcm. Then praiſe be to the higheſt *Iupiter*,
Whoſe powerfull arme gaue ſtrength vnto my Lord
To worke his ſafety through theſe dangerous warres,
Hang with our richeſt workes our chambers round,
And let the roome wherein we reſt to night,
Flow with no leſſe delight, then *Iuno's* bed
When in her armes ſhe claſpeth *Iupiter*,

Iup. I'le fill thy bed with more delighfull ſweetes,
Then when with *Mars* the *Ciprian Venus* meetes.

Alcm. See how you ſtir for odours, lights, choiſe cates,
Spices, and wines, is not *Amphitrio* comming
With honour from the warres? where's your attendance?
Sweete waters, coſtly ointments, pretious bathes,
Let me haue all, for taſt, touch, ſmell, and ſight,
All his fiue ſenſes wee will feaſt this night.

Iup. 'Tis time to appeare, *Alcmena*:

Alcm. My deere Lord.

Gani. It workes, it workes, now for *Iuno* to ſet a Skold betweene them.

A banquet brought in.

Alcm. Oh may theſe armes that guarded *Thebes* and vs,
Be euer thus my girdle, that in them

I may liue euer safe, welcome *Amphitrio*
A banquet, lights, attendance; good my Lord
Tell mee your warres discourse.
Iup. Sit faire *Alcmena.*
Alcm. Proceede my deareſt loue.
Iup. I as great Generall to the *Theban* King,
March't gainſt the *Teleboans*: who make head
And offer vs encounter: both our Armies
Are caſt in forme, well fronted, fleeeu'd and wing'd
Wee throw our vowes to heauen, the Trumpets ſound,
The battels ſignall, now beginnes the incurſions,
The earth beneath our armed burdens groanes,
Shootes from each ſide reuerberat gainſt heauen,
With Arrowes and with Darts the aire growes darke
And now confuſion ruffles, Heere the ſhoutes
Of Victors ſound, there groanes of death are heard,
Slaughter on all ſides; ſtill our eminent hand
Towers in the aire a victor, whilſt the enemy
Haue their deſpoyled helmets crown'd in duſt.
Wee ſtand, they fall, yet ſtill King *Ptelera*
Striues to make head, and with a freſh ſupply
Takes vp the mid-field: him *Amphitrio* fronts
With equall armes, wee the two Generals
Fight hand to hand, but *Ioue* omnipotent
Gaue me his life and head, which we to morrow
Muſt giue to King *Creon.*
Alcm. All my oriſons
Fought on your ſide, and with their powerfull weight,
Added vnto the ponder of your ſword,
To make it heauy on the Burgonet
Of ſlaughtered *Ptelera.*
Iup. I for my reward,
Had by the Subiects of that conquered King
A golden cup preſented, the choice boule
In which the ſlaughtered Tyrant vs'd to quaffe. *Socia.*
Gani. My Lord.
Iup. The cup, ſee faire *Alcmena.*

Gani.

Gani. This cup *Mercury* ſtole out of *Amphitrioes* caſket, but al's one as long as it is truely deliuered.

Alcm. In this rich boule I'le onely quaffe your health,
Or vſe, when to the Gods I ſacrifice.
Is our chamber ready?

Iup. Gladly I'de to bed,
Where I will mix with kiſſes my diſcourſe,
And tell the whole proiect.

Alcm. Mirth abound,
Through all theſe golden roofes let muſicke ſound,
To charme my Lord to ſoft and downy reſt.

Iup. Come light vs to our ſheetes.

Alcm. *Amphitrioes* head
Shall heere be pillowed, light's then and to bed.

Exeunt with Torches.

Gani. Alas poore *Amphitrio* I pitty thee that art to be made cuckold againſt thy wiues will, ſhe is honeſt in her worſt diſhoneſty, and chaſt in the ſuperlatiue degree of inchaſtity: but I am ſet heere to keepe the gate: now to my office.

Enter Socia with a letter.

Socia. Heere's a night of nights, I thinke the Moone ſtands ſtil and all the Stars are a ſleepe, he that driues *Charles* wayne is taking a nap in his cart, for they are all at a ſtand, this night hath bene as long as two nights already, and I thinke 'tis now entring on the third; I am glad yet that out of this vtter darkenes I am come to ſee lights in my Ladies Pallace: there will be ſimple newes for her when I ſhall tell her my Lord is comming home.

Gani. 'Tis *Socia* and *Amphitrioes* man, ſent before to tell his Lady of her husband, I muſt preuent him.

Socia. This night will neuer haue an end, he that hath hired a wench to lie with him all this night, hath time enough I thinke to take his peny worths, but I'le knocke.

Gan. I charge thee not to knock here leaſt thou be knocked.

Socia. What not at my Maiſters gate.

Gani. I charge thee once more, tell mee whoſe thou art? whether thou goeſt, and wherefore thou commeſt?

Socia. Hither I go, I ſerue my Maiſter, and come to ſpeak with my Lady, what art thou the wiſer? nay, if thou beeſt a good fellow let me paſſe by thee.

Gani. Whom doſt thou ſerue?

Socia. I ſerue my Lord *Amphitrio*, and am ſent in haſt to my Lady *Alcmena*.

Gani. Thy name?

Socia. Socia.

Gani. Baſe counterfeit take that, can you not be content to come ſneaking to one's houſe in the night, to rob it, but you muſt likewiſe rob me of my name?

Socia. Thy name, why, what's thy name?

Gani. Socia.

Socia. Socia, and whom doſt thou ſerue?

Gani. My Lord *Amphitrio* chiefe of the *Theban* Legions, and my Lady *Alemena*, but what's that to thee?

Socia. Ha, ha, That's a good ieſt, but do you heare, If you be *Socia* my Lord *Amphitrioes* man, and my Lady *Alcmenaes*, Where doſt thou lie.

Gani, Where do I lie? why in the Porters Lodge.

Socia. You are deceiu'd, you lie in your throate, there's but one *Socia* belongs to this houſe, and that am I.

Gani. Lieſlaue, and wilt out-face mee from my name? I'le vſe you like your ſelfe a counterfeit, *Beats him.* What art thou? ſpeake?

Socia. I cannot tell.

Gani. Whom doſt thou ſerue?

Socia. The time. *Gani.* Thy name?

Socia. Nothing.

Gani. Thy buſineſſe? *Socia.* To bee beaten.

Gani. And what am I?

Socia. What you will. *Gani.* Am not I *Socia?*

Socia. If you be not, I would you were ſo, to be beaten in my place.

Gani. I knew my L. had no ſeruant of that name but me.

Socia. Shall I ſpeake a few coole words, and bar buffeting.

Gani. Speake freely.

Socia.

Socia. You will not ſtrike. *Gani.* Say on.

Socia. I am the party you wot off, I am *Socia*, you may ſtrike if you will; but in beating me (if you be *Socia*) I aſſure you, you ſhall but beate your ſelfe.

Gani. The fellowes mad.

Socia. Mad, am I not newly landed? ſent hither by my Maiſter? Is not this our houſe? Do I not ſpeake? Am I not awake? Am I not newly beaten? Do I not feele it ſtill? And ſhall I doubt I am not my ſelfe? come, come, I'le in and doe my meſſage.

Gani. Sirrah, I haue indured you with much impatience,
Wilt thou make me beleeue I am not *Socia*?
Was not our ſhips launcht out off the Perſicke hauen?
Did I not land this night?
Haue we not won the Towne where K. *Ptelera* raign'd?
Haue we not orethrowne the *Teleboans*?
Did not my Lord *Amphitrio* kill the King hand to hand?
And did hee not ſend mee this night with a letter to certify my Lady *Alcmena* of all theſe newes.

Socia. I beginne to miſtruſt my ſelfe, all this is as true as if I had told it my ſelfe; but Il'e try him further: What did the *Teleboans* preſent my Lord with after the victory.

Gani. With a golden cuppe in which the King himſelfe vs'd to quaffe.

Socia. Where did I put it.

Gani. That I know not, but I put it into a casket, ſign'd by my Lords Signet.

Socia. And what's the Signet?

Gani. The Sun riſing from the Eaſt in his Chariot,
But do you come to vndermine me you ſlaue?

Socia. I muſt go ſeeke ſome other name, I am halfe hang'd already, for my good name is loſt; once more reſolue me, if thou canſt tell me what I did alone I will reſigne thee my name: if thou bee'ſt *Socia*, when the battles began to ioyne, as ſoone as they beganne to skirmiſh, what didſt thou?

Gani. As ſoone as they began to fight I began to runne.

Socia. Whither?

Gani. Into my Lords tent, and their hid mee vnder a bed.

Socia. I am gone, I am gone, somebody for charity sake either lend mee or giue me a name, for this I haue lost by the way, and now I looke better on he, me; or I, hee; as he hath got my name, hee hath got my shape, countenance, stature, and euery thing so right, that he can bee no other then I my owne selfe; but when I thinke that I am I, the same I euer was, know my Maister, his house, haue sence, feeling, and vnderstanding, know my message, my businesse, why should I not in to deliuer my letter to my Lady.

Gani. That letter is deliuered by my hand.
My Lady knowes all, and expects her Lord,
And I her seruant *Socia* am set heere
To keepe such idle raskals from the gate,
Then leaue mee, and by faire meanes, or I'le send thee legglesse, or armelesse hence.

Socia. Nay, thou hast rob'd me of enough already, I would bee loath to loose my name and limbes both in one night: where haue I miscaried? where bene chang'd? Did I not leaue my selfe behind in the ship when I came away, I'le euen backe to my Maister and see if hee know mee, if hee know me, if he call me *Socia*, and will beare me out in't, Il'e come backe and do my message, spight of him saies nay, Farewell selfe. *Exit.*

Gani. This obstacle, the father of more troubles
I haue put off, and kept him from disturbance
In their adulterate pastimes, faire *Alcmena*
Is great already by *Amphitrio*
And neere her time, and if shee proue by *Iupiter*
He by his power and God-hood will contract
Both births in one, to make her throwes the lesse:
And at one instant shee shall child two issues,
Begot by *Ioue* and by *Amphitrio.*
The house by this long charm'd by Hermes rod
Are stirring and *Ioue* glutted with delights,
Ready to take his leaue, through satiate

With amourous dalliance: parting's not so sweet
Betweene our louers, as when first they meet.

Enter Iupiter, Alcmena, *and the seruants.*

Iupit. My deerest loue fare-well, we Generals
Cannot be absent from our charges long:
I stole from th'Army to repose with thee,
And must before the Sunne mount to his Chariot,
Be there againe.

Alcm. My Lord, you come at midgnight,
And you make haste too, to be gone ere morne,
You rise before your bed be throughly warme.

Iup. Faireſt of our *Theban* Dames, accuse me not,
I left the charge of Souldiers to report
The fortune of our battailes first to thee:
Which should the campe know, they would lay on me
A grieuous imputation, that the beauty
Of my faire wife, can with *Amphitrio* more
Then can the charge of legions. As my comming
Was secret and conceal'd, so my returne,
Which shall be short and sudden.

Alc. That I feare,
Better I had to keepe you beeing here.

Iup. Nay part we must sweet Lady, dry your teares.

Alc. You'l make my minuts months, & daies seeme yeares.

Iup. Your businesse ere we part?

Alc. Onely to pray
You will make haste, not be too long away. Fare-well.

Iup. Fare-well. Come *Ganimed*, 'tis done,
And faire *Alcmena* sped with a yong sonne. *Exit.*

Enter Amphitrio, Socia, *two Captaines with attendants.*

Amph. Oh Gentlemen, was euer man thus croſt?
So strangely flowted by an abiect groome?
That either dreames, or's mad: one that speakes nothing
Sauing impossibilities, and meerely
False and absurd. Thus thou art here, and there,

With me, at home, and at one instant both,
In vaine are these delirements, and to me
Most deeply incredible.

Socia. I am your owne, you may vse me as you please: One would thinke I had lost inough already, to loose my name, and shape, and now to loose your fauour too. Oh!

1. *Capt.* Fye *Socia*, you too much forget your selfe,
And 'tis beyond all sufferance in your Lord,
To vse no violent hand.

Socia. You may say what you will, but a truth is a truth.

2. *Capt.* But this is neither true nor probable,
That this one body can deuide it selfe,
And be in two set places. Fie *Socia*, fie.

Socia. I tell you as it is.

Amph. Slaue of all slaues the basest: vrge me not,
Persist in these absurdities, and I vow
To cut thy tongue out, haue thee scourg'd and beaten,
Il'e haue thee flay'd.

Socia. You may so, you may as well take my skin as another take my name and phisnomy: all goes one way.

Amph. Tell ore thy tale againe, make it more plaine. Pray gentlemen your eares.

Socia. Then as I sayd before, so I say still: I am at home; do you heare? I am heare: do you see? I spake with my Lady at home; yet could not come in at the gate to see her: I deliuered her your letter, and yet haue it still in my hand. Is not this plaine? do you vnderstand me? I am neither mad nor drunke, but what I speake is in sober sadnesse.

1. *Cap.* Fie *Socia*, fie, thou art much, too much too blame.

2. *Capt.* How dare you tempt your maisters patience thus?

Amph. Thinke not to scape thus: yet once more resolue me
And faithfully: Do'st thou thinke it possible
Thou canst be here and there? Be sencible,
And tell me *Socia*.

Socia. 'Tis possible; nor blame I you to wonder: for it marrels me as much as any heere: Nor did I beleeue that

Hee

Hee, my owne ſelfe, that is at home, till hee did conuince me with arguments, told me euery thing I did at the ſiege, remembred my arrand better then my ſelfe: Nor is water more like to water, nor milke to milke, then that He and I are to me and him: For when you ſent me home about midnight——

Amph. What then?

Socia. I ſtood there to keepe the gate a great while before I came at it.

Capt. The fellow's mad.

Socia. I am as you ſee.

Amph. He hath been ſtrooke by ſome malevolent hand.

Socia. Nay that's certaine: for I haue been ſoundly beaten.

Amph. Who beat thee.

Socia. I my owne ſelfe that am at home, how oft ſhall I tell you?

Amph. Sirrah, wee'l owe you this. Now gentlemen
You that haue beene co-partners in our warres,
Shall now co-part our welcome: we will viſite
Our beauteous wife; with whom (our buſineſſe ended)
We haue leaſure to conferre.

Enter Alcmena *with her ſeruants and Mayd.*

Alc. Haue you took down thoſe hangings that were plac'd
To entertaine my Lord?

1. *Seru.* Madame they are.

Alc. And is our priuate bed-chamber diſ-roab'd
Of all her beauty? to looke ruinous,
Till my Lords preſence ſhall repair't againe.

2. *Seru.* 'Tis done as you directed.

Alc. Euery chamber,
Office and roome, ſhall in his abſence looke,
As if they miſt their maiſter, and beare part
With mee in my reſembled widow-hood.

3. *Seru.* That needs not madame: See my Lord's return'd.

Alc. And made ſuch haſte to leaue me: I miſdoubt
Some tricke in this: It is diſtruſt or feare

Of

Of my prou'd vertue: value it at beſt,
'Tcan be no leſſe then idle iealouſie.
Amph. See bright *Alcmena*, with my ſudden greeting,
Il'e rap her ſoule to heauen, and make her ſurfet
With ioyes aboundance. Beauteous Lady ſee
Amphitrio return'd a Conquerour,
Glad to vnfold in his victorious armes
Thy nine-moneth abſent body, whoſe ripe birth
Swels with ſuch beauty in thy conſtant wombe.
How cheeres my Lady?
Alc. So, ſo, wee'l do to her your kinde commends,
You may make bold to play vpon your friends.
Amph. Ha, what language call you this, that ſeemes to me
Paſt vnderſtanding? I conceiue it not,
I reioyce to ſee you wife.
Alc. Yet ſhals haue more?
You do but now, as you haue done before.
Pray ſlowt me ſtill, and do your ſelfe that right,
To tell that ore you told me yeſter-night.
Amph. What yeſternight? *Alcmena*, this your greeting
Diſtaſtes me. I but now, now, with theſe gentlemen
Landed at *Thebes*, and came to do my loue
To thee, before my duty to my King.
This ſtrangeneſſe much amazeth me.
Socia. We haue found one *Socia*, but we are like to looſe
an *Amphitrio*.
Alc. Shall I be plaine my Lord? I take it ill,
That you, whom I receiu'd late yeſter-night,
Gaue you my freeſt welcome, feaſted you,
Lodg'd you, and but this morning, two houres ſince
Tooke leaue of you with teares, that your returne
So ſudden, ſhould be furniſht with ſuch ſcorne.
Amph. Gentlemen, I feare the madneſſe of my man
Is fled into her braine, be theſe my witneſſe,
I am but newly landed: witneſſe theſe
With whom I haue not parted.
1. *Capt.* In this we needs muſt take our Generals part,

And

And witneſſe of his ſide.

Alc. And bring you witneſſe to ſuggeſt your wrongs,
Againſt you two I can oppoſe all theſe.
Receiu'd I not *Amphitrio* yeſter-night?

1. *Seru.* I aſſure you my Lord remember your ſelfe, you were here yeſter-night.

All. 'Tis moſt certaine.

Amph. Theſe villaines all are by my wife ſuborn'd,
To ſeeke to mad me. Gentlemen pray liſt,
Wee'l giue this errour ſcope: Pray at what time
Gaue you me entertainement the laſt night?

Alc. As though you know not? Well, Il'e fit your humor,
And tell you what you better know then I.
At mid-night.

Amph. At mid-night: Pray obſerue that Gentlemen,
At mid-night we were in diſcourſe a boord
Of my Commiſſion. 2. *Capt* I remembr't well.

Amph. What did we then at mid-night?

Alc. Sate to banquet.

1. *Seru.* Where I waited. 2. *Seru.* So did we all.

Amph. And I was there at banquet.

3. *Seru.* Your Lordſhip's merry: do you make a queſtion of that? *Alc.* At banquet you diſcourſt the Inter-view
Betweene the *Theleboans* and your Hoaſt.

Amph. Belike then you can tell vs our ſucceſſe,
Ere we that are the firſt to bring theſe newes
Can vtter it.

Alc. Your Lordſhip's pleaſant ſtill.
The battailes ioyn'd, cryes paſt on either ſide,
Long was the skirmiſh doubtfull, till the *Thebans*
Oppreſt the *Theleboans*: but the battaile
Was by the King renewed: who face to face
And hand to hand, met with *Amphitrio*:
You fought, and arme to arme in ſingle combat,
Troad on his head a Victor.

Amph. How came you by this?

Alc. As though you told it not.

Amph. Well then, after banquet?
Alc. We kist, embrac'd, our chamber was made ready.
Amph. And then? *Alc.* To bed we went.
Amph. And there? *Alc.* You slept in these my armes.
Amph. Strumpet, no more.
Madnesse and impudence contend in thee,
Which shall afflict me most.
Alc. Your iealousie
And this imposterous wrong, heapes on me iniuries
More then my sex can beare: you had best deny
The gift you gaue me too.
Amph. Oh heauen! what gift?
Alc The golden Cup the *Theleboans* King
Vs'd still to quaffe in.
Amph. Indeed I had such purpose,
But that I keepe safe lock't. Shew me the bowle.
Alc. *Thessala* the standing cup *Amphitrio* gaue me
Last night at banquet, ther's the key.
Thessal. I shall.
1. *Capt.* My Lord, ther's much amazement in the opening of these strange doubts, the more you seeke to vnfold them, the more they puzle vs.
2. *Capt.* How came she by the notice
And true recitall of the battailes fortune?
Amph. That hath this villaine told her, on my life.
Soc. Not I, I disclaime it, vnlesse it were my tother selfe, I haue no hand in it. *Enter Thessala with the cup.*
Thessal. Madame, the bowle.
Alc. Restor't *Amphitrio*,
I am not worthy to be trusted with it.
Amph The forme, the mettal, and the grauing too.
'Tis somwhat strange. *Socia*, the casket streight.
Socia. Here sir.
Amph. What, is my signet safe? *Soc.* Vntouch't.
Amph. Then will I shew her streight that bowle
The *Theleboans* gaue me. Wher's my key?
Soc. Here sir. This is the strangest that ere I heard, I *Socia*
haue

haue begot another *Socia*, my Lord *Amphitrio* hath begot another *Amphitrio*. Now, if this golden bowle haue begot another golden bowle, we shall be all twin'd and doubled.

Amph. Behold an empty casket.

Alc. This notwithstanding you deny your gift,
Our meeting, banquet, and our sportfull night.
Your mornings parting.

Amph. All these I deny
As falce, and past all nature, yet this goblet
Breeds in me wonder, with the true report
Of our warres proiect: But I am my selfe
New landed with these Captaines, and my men,
Deny all banquets and affaires of bed,
Which thou shalt deerely answere.

Alc. Aske your seruants
If I mis-say in ought.

1. *Seru.* My Lord, there is nothing said by my Lady, but we are eye-witnesses of, and will iustifie on our oathes.

Amph. And will you tempt me still?
Socia, run to the ship, bring me the maister,
And he shall with these Captaines iustifie
On my behalfe, whilst I reuenge my selfe
On these falce seruants, that support their Lady
In her adulterous practise. Villaines, dogges.

1. *Capt.* Patience my Lord. *Amphitrio beats in his men. Exit.*

Alc. Nay let him still proceed,
That hauing kild them, I may likewise bleed.
His frensie is my death, life I despise,
These are the fruits of idle iealousies.
Yonder he comes againe, *Enter Iupiter.*
So soone appeas'd,
And from his fury: I shall nere forget
This iniury, till I haue paid his debt.

Iupiter. What sad *Alcmena*? Pre'thee pardon me,
'Twas but my humour, and I now am sorry.
Nay whither turn'st thou?

Alcm. All the wit I haue,

I muſt expreſſe: borne to be made a ſlaue:
I wonder you can hold your hands, not ſtrike,
If I a ſtrumpet be, and wrong your bed,
Why doth not your rude hand aſſault this head?

Iup. Oh my ſweet wife, of what I did in ſport,
Condemne me not: If needs, then chide me for't.

Alc. Was it becauſe I was laſt night to free
Of courteous dalliance, that you iniure me?
Was I too lauiſh of my loue? Next night
Feare not, Il'e keepe you ſhort of your delight:
Il'e learne to keepe you off, and ſeeme more coy,
You ſhall no more ſwim in exceſſe of ioy,
Looke for't hereafter.

Iup. Puniſh me I pray.

Alc. Giue me my dower and Il'e be gone away:
Leaue you to your harſh humors, and baſe ſtrife,
Onely the honour of a vertuous wife
Il'e beare along; my other ſubſtance keepe:
For in a widowed bed Il'e henceforth ſleepe.

Iup. By this right hand, which you *Amphitrio* owe,
My wrongs henceforth ſhall nere afflict you ſo.
Speake, are we friends? By this ſoft kiſſe I ſweare,
No Lady liuing is to me like deare.
Theſe nuptiall brawles oft-times more loue beget:
The rauiſhing pleaſures, when laſt night we met
We will redouble. Theſe hands ſhall not part
Till we be reconcil'd.

Alc. You haue my heart; nor can my anger laſt.

Iup. Faire loue then ſmile. *Enter Blepharo and Socia.*
And let our lips our hearts thus reconcile.

Bleph. Thou tel'ſt me wonders.

Socia. I aſſure you there are two *Socia's*, and for ought I can heare, there are two *Amphitrio's*: we were in hope to haue two golden bowles. Now if your ſhip can get two maiſters, you wil be ſimply furniſh't to ſea. But ſee my Lord and my Lady are friends; let vs be partakers of their reconcilement.

Bleph.

Bleph. Haile to the generall: you sent to me my Lord.

Iup. True *Blepharo*:
But things are well made euen, and we attoned,
Your chiefest businesse is to feast with vs.
Attend vs *Socia.* Faire *Alcmena* now
We are both one, combin'd by oath and vow. *Exeunt.*

Socia. Ther's musicke in this: If they feast Il'e feast with them, and make my belly amends for all the blowes receiu'd vpon my backe.

Enter Ganimed.

Gan. Iupiter and *Alcmena* are entred at the backe gate, whil'st *Amphitrio* is beating his seruants out at the fore-gate. Als in vp-rore: I do but watch to see him out in the street, to shut the gates against him. But yonder is *Socia*, I'le passe by him without speaking.

Socia. I should haue seene your face when I haue look't my selfe in a glasse, your sweet phisnomy, should be of my acquaintance: I will not passe him without Conge.

They passe with many strange Conges.

Enter Amphitrio, *beating before him his seruants, the two Captaines, they meet with* Ganimed.

Amph. Villaines, dogges, diuels.

1. *Capt.* Noble Generall.

Amph. These wrongs are too indigne. *Socia* return'd? Where's *Blepharo*?

Gan. I haue sought him aboord; but he is in the Citty to see some of his friends, and will not returne till dinner. Now for a tricke to shut the gates vpon him. *Exit.*

Amph. Patience, if thou hast any power on earth,
Infuse it here, or I these hypocrites,
These base suggesters of their Ladies wrongs,
Shall to the death pursue.

2. *Capt.* Finde for their punishment
Some more deliberate season: sleepe vpon't,
And by an order more direct and plaine

Void of this ſtrange confuſion, cenſure them.

Amphi. Sir, you aduiſe well, I will qualify
This heate of rage: now I haue beate them forth
Let's in and ſee my wife, *Socia* ſtolne hence
And the gates ſhut, let's knocke. *Knockes, enter Ganimed aboue.*

Gani. What Ruffin's that that knocks? you thinke belike the nailes of our dores are as ſawcy as your ſelfe, that they neede beating.

Amphi. *Socia* I am thy Lord *Amphitrio.*

Gani. Your are a fooles head of your owne, are you not?

Amphi. Ruffin and foole.

Gani. Take coxcombe and aſſe along, if you bee not ſatisfied.

Amphi. Do you condemne me now, pray Gentlemen
Do me but right, haue I iuſt cauſe to rage?
Can you that haue perſwaded mee to peace
Brooke this? oh for ſome battering engine heere
To race my Pallace walles, or ſome iron Ramme
To plant againſt theſe gates,

Gani. Sirrah, I'le make you eate theſe words, ſtay but till I come downe, I'le ſend you thence with a vengeance, I am now comming, looke to't, I'le tickle you with your counterfeit companions there. *Exit.*

1. *Cap* This is too much, 'tis not to be indured.

Amphi. I wiſh of heauen to haue no longer life then once more to behold him, hee ſhall pay for all the reſt.

2. *Cap.* He promiſt to come downe.

Enter Socia and Blepharo.

1. *Cap.* And I thinke hee will, for harke, I heare the gates open.

Amphi. Forbeare a little, note the villaines humor.

Socia. Al's quiet within, I'le go helpe to fetch my Lords ſtuffe from ſhip, but ſee, hee's out of the gates before vs, which way came hee?

Bleph. Hee hath made haſt.

Socia. I thinke he hath crept through the key-hole.

Amph. Nay, I'le be patient feare not, note my humor: *Socia.*

Socia.

Socia. My Lord.

Amphi. My honeſt *Blepharo* I'le talke with you anone, my faithfull ſeruant, who paſt this houſe to you, that you haue power to keepe the Maiſter out? tell me, what know you by your faire Miſtreſſe, that you call your Lord coxcombe and aſſe, (nay I am patient ſtill) *Amphitrioes* name is heere forgot, foole, ruffin are nothing, them I pardon, now you are downe, when do you beate me head-long from the gate, and theſe my counterfeit companions hence.

Socia. Who I, I, is your Lordſhip as wiſe as God might haue made you, I

Amphi. You ſee we are here ſtill, when doe you ſtrike, what? not: Then I'le beginne with you.

Bleph. *Amphitrio.*

Socia. My Lord's mad, helpe Gentlemen.

Bleph. If you be Gentlemen and loue *Amphitrio*,
Or if you know me to be *Blepharo*
Your Maiſter that transported you by ſea
Giue not this madneſſe ſcope, vpon my credit
Socia is guiltleſſe of this falce ſurmiſe.

Amphi. Is *Blepharo* turn'd mad too.

Bleph. Generall no,
It pitties me that left you late ſo milde
And in ſuch peacefull conference with your wife
So ſuddenly to finde you lunaticke,
Pray helpe to bind him Gentlemen.

Amphi. So, ſo, am I abus'd or no, ſpeake fellow ſouldiers.

1. *Cap.* Inſufferable, and yet forbeare your rage,
Breath, breath, vpon't and find ſome other leaſure
Theſe errors to determine. *Enter Iupiter, Alcmena, Ganimed before, all the ſeruants running fearefully.*

Socia. Yonder's my brother, my ſame ſelfe.

Bleph. Two *Socia's*, two *Amphitrioes.*

1. *Cap* Coniuring, witch-craft.

Iup. Friends and my fellow ſouldiers, you haue dealt
Vnfriendly with mee, to beſiedge my houſe

With

With these exclaimes, to bring Impostors hither.
Is there no law in *Thebes*? will *Creon* suffer me
For all my seruice, to be iniur'd thus?

Amph. Bee'st thou infernall hagge, or fiend incarnate,
I coniure thee.

Iup. Friends, I appeale to you:
When haue you knowne me mad? when rage and raue?
Shall my humanity and mildnesse thus
Be recompenst? to be out-brau'd, out-fac'd
By some deluding Fairy? To haue my seruants
Beat from my gates? my Generall house disturb'd,
My wife full growne, and groaning, ready now
To inuoke *Lucina*, to be check't and scorn'd?
Examine all my deeds, *Amphitrioes* mildnesse
Had neuer reference to this Iuglers rage.

1. *Capt.* Sure this is the Generall, he was euer a milde Gentleman: Il'e follow him.

2. *Capt.* There can be but one *Amphitrio*, and this appeares to be he by his noble carriage.

Bleph. This is that *Amphitrio* I conducted by sea:

1. *Seru.* My Lord was neuer mad-man. This shall be my maister.

All. And mine.

Alc. This is my husband.

Soc. Il'e euen make bold to go with the best.

Gan. Soft sir, the true *Socia* must goe with the true *Amphitrio.*

Amph. Oh thou omnipotent thunder! strike *Amphitrio*,
And free me from this labyrinth.

Iup. Gentlemen,
My house is free to you; onely debar'd
These Counterfets: These gates that them exclude,
Stand open to you: Enter, and taste our bounty,
Attend vs. 'Lasse poore *Amphitrio*,
I must confesse I do thee too much wrong,
To keep thee in these maze of doubts so long;
Which here shall end: For *Iuno* I espy,

Who

Who all our amorous paſtimes ſees from hye:
As ſhe deſcends, ſo muſt I mount the ſpheares
To ſtop her, leſt ſhe thunder in our eares.

Exeunt all but Amphitrio *and* Socia.

Amph. What art thou?

Soc. Nay, what art thou?

Amph. I am not my ſelfe.

Soc. You would not beleeue me when I ſayd I was not my ſelfe: why ſhould I beleeue you?

Amph. Art thou *Socia*?

Soc. That's more then I can reſolue you: for the world is growne ſo dangerous, a man dares ſcarce make bold with his owne name; but I am he was ſent with a letter to my Lady.

Amph. And I am he that ſent thee with that letter,
Yet dare not ſay I am *Amphitrio*;
My wife, houſe, friends, my ſeruants all deny me.

Soc. You haue reaſon to loue me the better, ſince none ſtickes to you but I.

Amph. Let all yon ſtarry ſtructure from his baſſes
Shrinke to the earth, that the whole face of heauen
Falling vpon forlorne *Amphitrio*,
May like a marble monumentall ſtone,
Lye on me in my graue. Eternall ſleepe
Caſt a nocturnall filme before theſe eyes,
That they may nere more gaze vpon yon heauens,
That haue beheld my ſhame: or ſleepe or death
Command me ſhut theſe opticke windowes in:
My braine is coffin'd in a bed of lead,
'Tis cold and heauy; be my pillow *Socia*:
For I muſt ſleepe.

Soc. And ſo muſt I, pray make no noyſe, for waking me or my maiſter. *They ſleepe.*

Iuno *and* Iris *deſcend from the heauens.*

Iuno. *Iris* away, I haue found th'adulterer now:
Since *Mercury* faire *Ioe's* keeper ſlew,
The hundred-eyed *Argus*, I haue none

To dogge and watch him when he leaues the heauens.
No ſooner did I miſſe him, but I ſought
Heauen, ſea, and earth: I brib'd the ſunne by day,
And ſtarres by night; but all their iealous eyes
He with thicke miſts hath blinded, and ſo ſcap't.
Iris my Raine-bow threw her circle round,
If he had beene on earth, to haue claſp't him in,
And kept him in the circle of her armes
Till ſhe had cal'd for *Iuno*: But her ſearch
He ſoone deluded in his ſlye tranſ-ſhapes.
And till I ſaw here two *Amphitrioes*,
I had not once ſuſpected him in *Thebes*.
Roab'd all in wrath, and clad in ſcarlet fury,
I come to be aueng'd vpon that ſtrumpet
That durſt preſume to adulterate *Iunoes* bed.
Pull me from heauen (faire *Iris*) a blacke cloud,
From which Il'e faſhion me a beldams ſhape,
And ſuch a powerfull charme Il'e caſt on her,
As that her baſtard-brats ſhall nere be borne;
But make her wombe their Tombes. *Iris* away.

Iris. I flye Madame. *Exit Iris.*

Iuno. No, theſe are mortals, and not them I ſeeke.
I feare me if he heare of me in *Thebes*,
He (with his Minion) ſtreight will mount the heauens.
But let him ſeat him on the loftieſt ſpire
Heauen hath: or place me in the loweſt of hell,
Il'e reach him with my clamours.

Socia. Hey-ho, now am I dream'd of a ſcold.

Enter Iris *with a habit.*

Iuno. But *Iris* is return'd: Rage, feaſt thy fill,
Till I the mother ſley, the baſtards kill. *Exit Iuno.*

Thunder and lightning. All the ſeruants run out of the houſe affrighted, the two Captains and Blepharo, Amphitrio *and* Socia *amazedly awake*: Iupiter *appeares in his glory vnder a Raine-bow, to whom they all kneele.*

Iup. The Thunderer, Thunderers, and the Lord of feare,

Bids

Bids thee not feare at all *Amphitrio.*
Ioue, that againſt the *Thelebоans* gaue thee
The palme of Conqueſt, and hath crown'd thy browes
With a victorious wreath, commands thy peace
With faire *Alcmena*, ſhe that neuer boſom'd
Mortall, ſaue thee; The errours of thy ſeruants
Forbeare to puniſh, as forgot by vs,
And finde vs to thy prayers propicious.
Thy wife full growne, inuokes *Lucinaes* ayd:
Send in to cheare her in her painefull throwes.
Hers, and thy Oriſons wee'l beare to heauen;
And they in all your greateſt doubts and feares,
Shall haue acceſſe to our immortall eares.

Amph. *Ioue* is our patron, and his power our awe,
His maieſty our wonder: will, our law.

Iup. Our Act thus ends, we would haue all things euen,
Smile you on earth whilſt we reioyce in heauen.

Actus 3.

Enter Homer *one way*, Iuno *another.*

Homer. *Behold where* Iuno *comes, and with a ſpell*
Shuts vp the wombe by which Ioues *ſonne muſt paſſe:*
For whilſt ſhee Croſſe-leg'd ſits (as old wiues tell,
And with clutch't hands) there is no way alas
For faire Alcmena's *childing. All thoſe wiues*
That heare her painfull throwes, are in diſpaire:
Yet in her wombe the Ioue-bred *Iſſue ſtriues:*
Three dayes are paſt, her paines ſtill greater are.
But note a womans wit, though Iuno *ſmile.*
A Beldams braine the Goddeſſe ſhall beguile.

Iuno. Ha, ha! Now *Ioue* with thy omnipotence,
Make (if thou canſt) way for thy baſtards birth,
Whoſe paſſage I thus binde, and in this knot
Which till their deaths, ſhall neuer be diſſolu'd,

I haue power to ſtrangle all the charmes of hell.
Nor powers of heauen ſhall ſtreight me, till the deaths
Of yon adultereſſe and her mechall brats.
Laugh Gods and men, ſea, earth, and ayre make ioy,
That *Iuno* thus *Alcmena* can deſtroy.

Enter the Midwife, Galantis, *with two or three other aged women.*

Galan. Haue you obſeru'd her to ſit croſſe-leg'd euer ſince my Lady began her trauell? I ſuſpect witch-craft, Il'e haue a tricke to rouze her.

Mid. No doubt but did ſhe open her knees and fingers, my Lady ſhould haue ſafe deliuery.

Gal. Truſt to my wit, Il'e in & find a meanes to ſtartle her.

Beld. Note how the Beldame ſmiles, and in her clutches
Strangles my Ladies birth: ſome friend remoue her.

Iuno. Ha, ha, he, their teares my griefes recure,
Thus I reuenge me of their deeds impure.

Enter Galantis merry.

Gal. Now, *Ioue* be prais'd, and Ladies dry your teares,
And gentle Madame come reioyce with vs.

Iuno. Why, what's the matter?

Gal. I cannot hold my ioy: thankes faire *Lucina*
Goddeſſe of child-birth, *Ioue* and all be prais'd,
Alcmena is deliuered, brought to bed
Of a fine chopping boy. *Iuno riſeth.*

Iuno. Is my ſpell faild? how could I curſe and teare?

Mid. The witch is rouz'd, in and ſee what newes.

Gal. Stay, ſtay, Il'e go ſee what cõfort's within: for when I came out I left my poore Lady in midſt of all her torment.

Iuno. What edge of ſteele, or Adamantine chaine,
Hath forc'd in two the vertue of my charme?
Which Gods and diuels gaue vnite conſent
To be infract? Oh powerfull *Iupiter*!
I feare thy hand's in this.

Enter Galantis extreamely laughing.

Beld.

Reld. How the witch ſtormes!

Iuno. What meanes the wretch to hold her ſides & laugh,
And ſtill to point at me? How now *Galantis*?

Gal. That's my name indeed: (hold heart, hold) you are a witch, are you? you ſat croſſe-leg'd, did you? my Lady could not bee brought to bed, could ſhe? And now *Gallantis* hath gul'd you, hath ſhe? *Iuno.* The morrall.

Gal. Il'e tell thee; I ſuſpecting thy trechery to my Lady, brought in counterfet newes ſhe was brought to bed, which you (gooddy witch) no ſooner heard, but roſe vp; & no ſooner you had caſt your armes abroad, but my Lady was deliuered of two goodly boyes, one like my Lord *Amphitrio*, but the other the braueſt chopping lad — laugh the beldam out of her skin, & then returne to comfort my Lady. *Exeunt*

Iuno. Oh that we ſhould be ſubiect to the Fates!
And though being Gods, yet by their power be croſt.
Galantis, Il'e be firſt reueng'd on thee
For this deriſion, and tranſforme thy ſhape
To ſome fowle monſter, that ſhall beare thy name.
And are the baſtards borne? They haue paſt the wombe,
They ſhall not paſſe the cradle. *Iris* Ho. *Enter Iris.*

Iris. Madame.

Iuno. Fly into *Affricke*, from the mountaines there
Chuſe me two venemous ſerpents, of the blood
That *Perſeus* dropt out of the Gorgons head
When on his winged horſe, with that new ſpoyle
He croſt the *Affricke* climate: thou ſhalt know them
By their fell poyſon, and their fierce aſpect. When *Iris*?

Iris. I am gone.

Iuno. Haſte *Iris*, flye with expeditions wings,
Theſe brats ſhall dye by their inuenomed ſtings.

HOMER.

The iealous Goddeſſe in the Chamber throwes
The poyſonous ſerpents, who ſoone wound and kill
Young Ipectetes, *whom* Amphitrio *owes.*
But Hercules, *whom* Ioue *with power doth fill,*

You first shall in his infant-cradle see,
Ere growne a man, famous for chiualrie.

The Nurses bring yong Hercules *in his Cradle, and leaue him. Enter* Iuno *and* Iris *with two snakes, put them to the childe and depart:* Hercules *strangles them: to them* Amphitrio, *admiring the accident.*

Hom. *He that could in his cradle serpents kill,*
Will (being growne) the world with wonders fill.
Imagine him full growne, and nobly train'd
By King Euristeus, *the bold youth proclaimes*
Pastimes of exercise, where he hath gain'd
Chiefe praise and palme in these Olimpicke games.
Them we must next, as his first grace present
With Iuno, *to his fame malevolent.*

Enter, after great shouts and flourishes, Iuno *and King* Euristeus.

Iuno. Harke, harke *Euristeus*, how the yelling throats
Of the rude rabble, deifie his praise:
Their lofty clamours, and their shrill applauses
Strike 'gainst the cleare and azure floores of heauen,
And thence against the earth reuerberate,
That *Iuno* can nor rest aboue nor here,
But still his honours clangor strikes mine eare.
Eurist. Patience celestiall Goddesse, as I wish
Your powerfull aidance when I need it most,
So for your sake I will impose him dangers,
Such and so great, that without *Ioues* owne hand,
He shall not haue the power to scatter them.
Iuno. If neither tyrants, monsters, sauages,
Giants nor hell-hounds, can the bastard quell;
Let him be pasht, stab'd, strangled, poisoned, *shouts*
Or murdered sleeping. Harke *Euristeus* still *within.*
How their wide throates his high applauses shrill.

Eur.

Eur. Th'earth ſhall not breed a monſter, nor the heauens
Threaten a danger ſhall not taske his life.
Iuno. Thou chim'ſt me ſpheare-like muſicke, I haue rouz'd
A monſtrous Lyon, that doth range theſe woods:
My deere *Euriſteus*, make him tugge with him. *Shouts.*
Still doth his praiſe make the heauen reſound;
Farewell *Euriſteus*, Il'e not ſee him crown'd. *Exit Iuno.*

Enter the Kings of Greece to Euriſteus *with Garlands*, Hercules, Theſeus, Perithous, Philoctetes, *with others from the games of* Olimpus.

1. *King.* Theſe honoured paſtimes on *Olimpus* mount,
Begun by thee the *Theban Hercules*,
Shall laſt beyond all time and memory.
Thou art vnpeer'd, all *Greece* reſounds thy praiſe,
And crowne thy worth with theſe greene wreaths of Baies.
Herc. More deere to me then the beſt golden Arch
That ere crown'd Monarkes brow, we haue begun
In paſtimes, wee'le proceed to acts more dreadfull,
To expreſſe our power and hardiment:
Though by your ſufferage, we haue beſt deſeru'd;
Yet merit we not all, theſe *Grecian* Princes,
Although degree'd below vs, did excell,
Though not as beſt, receiue as thoſe did well.
Theſeus, Perithous, Philoctetes, take
Your valours meeds, your praiſes lowd did ſound,
Then each one take from *Hercules* a crowne.
Theſ. Braue *Theban* youth, no leſſe then *Iouis* owne ſon,
Giue *Theſeus* leaue both to admire and loue thee:
Lets henceforth haue one ſoule.
Herc. Theſeus commands the heart of *Hercules*,
And all my deeds, next *Ioue* omnipotent,
Il'e conſecrate to thee and to thy loue.
Perith. Though all vnworthy to be ſtil'd the friend
Of great *Alcides*, giue *Perithous* leaue
To do thee honour, and admire thy worth.

Philoct.

Philoct. That *Philoctetes* begges of *Hercules.*
Thy curteſie equals thy actiue power:
And then in both art chiefe and patterneleſſe.
Herc. We prize you as the deereſt gemmes of *Greece,*
And all the honours of *Alcmenaes* ſonne
You ſhall partake, whil'ſt theſe braue *Argiue* Kings,
That rang vs plaudits for the Olimpike games,
Shall clap our triumphes 'gainſt the dreadful'ſt monſters
Heauen can ſend downe, or deepe *Auerne* belch forth.
As for the earth-bred monſters, we haue power
Infus'd by *Ioue,* to calme their inſolence.
Nor will we ceaſe, till we haue purchas'd vs
The name of *Tyrant-tamer* through the world.
Euriſt. It glads *Euriſteus* to be made ſo happy
As to be Tutor to this noble youth.
Thou haſt (witneſſe *Olimpus*) prou'd thy ſelfe
The ſwifteſt, actiu'ſt, ableſt, ſtrongeſt, conning'ſt
In ſhaft or dart; which when thy ſtep-dame *Iuno*
Shall vnderſtand how much thou do'ſt excell,
As 'twill pleaſe *Ioue,* it will content her well.
Herc. May we renowne *Euriſteus* by our fame,
As we ſhall ſtriue to pleaſe that heauenly dame.
Eur. Set on then Princes to the further honours
Of this bold *Theban:* may he ſtill proceed
To crowne great *Greece* with many a noble deed.

Enter a Hearſman wounded.

Theſ. Stay Lords: what meanes this Tragicke ſpectacle?
Herd. If *Greece,* that whilome was eſteem'd the ſpring
Of valor, and the well of chiualry,
Can yeeld an army of reſolued ſpirits,
Muſter them all againſt one dreadfull beaſt,
That keeps the forreſts and the woods in awe:
Commands the Cleonean continent,
Vnpeoples townes; And if not interdicted,
In time will make all *Greece* a wilderneſſe.
Herc. Hearſman, thou haſt expreſt a monſtrous beaſt,
Worthy the taske of *Ioues-borne Hercules.*

What

What is the ſauadge? ſpeake.

Herdſ. Whether ſome God,
With *Greece* offended, ſends him as a murreine,
To ſtrike our heards; or as a worſer plague,
Your people to deſtroy: But a fierce Lyon
Liues in the neighbour forreſt, preying there
On man and beaſt, nõt ſatisfied with both.
Ten Heardſmen of my traine at once he ſlew,
And me thus wounded; yet his maw vnſtaunch't,
He ſtill the thicke *Nemean* groues doth ſtray,
As if the world were not ſufficient pray.

Euriſt. This Lyon were a taske worthy *Ioues* ſonne,
Oh free vs from this feare great *Hercules.*

Herc. If he be den'd, Il'e rouze the monſtrous beaſt;
If ſeeking prey, Il'e chace him through the groues,
And hauing ouer-run the fugitiue,
Dare him to ſingle warre: It fits *Ioues* ſonne
Wraſtle with Lyons, and to tugge with Beares,
Grapple with Dragons, and incounter Whales.
Be he (as *Ioues* owne ſhield) invulnerable,
Or be his breaſt hoop't in with ribbes of braſſe,
Be his teeth raſer'd, and his tallons keene,
Sending at euery blow, fire from his bones,
Yet I ere night will caſe me in his skin.
This is a ſport——
Aboue th'Olimpiads; we will hunt to day
Yon fierce *Nemean* terror, as a game
Becomming *Hercules.* Winde hornes, away:
For now a generall hunting we proclaime,
Follow vs Princes, you that loue the game. *Exeunt.*

Wind hornes. Enter Iuno *and* Iris *aboue in a cloud.*

Iuno. Yon cheerefull noyſe of hunting tels mine eare
Hee's in the Chace: Redouble Ire on Ire,
And teare the baſtard *Theban* limbe from limbe.
Where art thou *Iris*? tell me from the cloud,

Where I haue plac'd thee to behold the Chace.
Iris aloft. Great *Hercules*
Purſues him through the medowes, mountaines, rockes.
Iuno. And flyes the ſauadge? will he not turne head,
Knowing his skin (ſaue by *Ioues* Thunderbolt)
Not to be pierc'd? baſe trembling coward beaſt.
Iris. Now doth the Lyon turne 'gainſt *Hercules*
With violent fury: 'laſſe poore *Hercules.*
Iuno. Gramercy *Iris*, I will crowne thy brow
With a new caſe of ſtarres, for theſe good newes. *ſhouts*
Iris. Oh! well done *Hercules.* *within.*
He ſhakes him from his ſhoulders like a feather.
And hurles the Lyon flat: The beaſt againe
Leaps to his throat; *Alcides* grapples with him.
The Lyon now: Now *Hercules* againe.
And now the beaſt; me thinkes the combat's euen.
Iuno. Not yet deſtroyd? *ſhouts*
Iris. Well wraſtled *Hercules:* *within.*
He gaue the monſtrous Lyon ſuch a fall,
As if a mountaine ſhould ore-whelme withall.
Aboue him ſtill: he chokes him with his gripes,
And with his ponderous buffets ſtownds the beaſt.
Iuno. Thus is my ſorrow, and his fame increaſt.
Iris. Now he hath ſtrangled him.
Iuno. Iris diſcend.
But though this faile, Il'e other dangers ſtore,
My Lyon ſlaine, I will prouide a Boare.

Enter to them at one doore, Euriſteus, *and the Kings of Greece: at the other* Hercules, *with the Lyons head and skinne,* Theſeus, Perithous, Philoctetes.

Herc. Thus *Hercules* begins his *Iouiall* taskes:
The horrid beaſt I haue torne out of his skin,
And the *Nemean* terror naked lyes,
Deſpoyl'd of his inuinced coat of Armes.
Iuno. This head (O wer't the head of *Hercules*)

Doth

Doth grace *Alcides* ſhoulders, and me thinkes,
Deck'd in theſe ſpoyles, thou dar'ſt the God of Armes.
Here. To you great *Iuno*, doth *Alcmena's* ſonne
His high laborious valour dedicate.
You might haue heard the Lyon roare to heauen;
Euen to the high tribunall in the Spheares,
Where you ſit crown'd in ſtarres. We fac'd the beaſt,
And when he fixt his tallons in our fleſh,
We catch't the monſter in our manly gripes,
And made him thrice breake hold. Long did we tugge
For eminence; but when we prou'd his skin
To be wound-free, not to be pierc'd with ſteele,
We tooke the ſauadge monſter by the throat,
And with our ſinowy puiſſance ſtrangled him.
Euriſt. Alcides honours *Thebes*, and fames whole *Greece.*
Here. There ſhall not breath a monſter here vnawed,
We ſhall the world affoord a wonderment,
Vnparalel'd by *Theban Hercules.*
This Lyons caſe ſhall on our ſhoulders hang,
Wee'l arme our body with th'vnvulner'd skin;
And with this maſſy Club all monſters dare:
And theſe ſhall like a bloudy meteor ſhew
More dreadfull then *Orions* flaming lockes,
T'affright the Gyants that oppreſſe the earth.
Eur Let *Hercules* meane time abide with vs,
Till King *Euriſteus* new atchieuements finde,
Worthy his valour.
Theſ. Honour me great Prince,
To grace my friend *Perithous*, and his ayd,
To be at their high ſpowſals.
Perith. Hypodamia
Shall in this ſuit aſſiſt *Perithous*,
With vs the *Lapithes*, the *Centaurs* meete,
Thoſe whom *Ixion* got vpon a cloud.
They liue amongſt the groues of *Theſſaly*,
And in their double ſhapes will grace our feaſt.
Here. Perithous, we will meet the *Centaurs* there,

And quaffe with them to *Hypodamia's* health.
But wherefore ſtands bright *Iuno* diſcontent?

Iuno. Oh blame me not, an vncoth ſauadge Boare
Deuaſts the fertill plaines of *Theſſaly*:
And when the people come to implore our ayd,
Their liues no mortall that dare vndertake
To combat him; The rough *Nemean* Lyon
Was milde to this: he plowes the forreſts vp,
His ſnowy foame he ſcatters ore the hils,
And in his courſe or-turnes the *Dordan* okes:
Oh let him dye by mighty *Hercules*.

Herc. Eternall Goddeſſe, were his ſharpned teeth
More dreadfull then the phangs of *Cerberus*,
Or were his briſtled-hide *Ioues* Thunder proofe,
Were his head braſſe, or his breaſt doubly plated
With beſt *Vulcanian* armour *Lemnos* yeelds;
Yet ſhall his braines rattle beneath my Club.
The *Eremanthian* forreſt where he den's,
Shall quake with terrour when we beat the beaſt:
And when we caſt his backe againſt the earth,
The ground ſhall groane and reele with as much terror
As when the Gyant *Typhon* ſhakes the earth.

Iuno. Oh may'ſt thou liue the *Theban* Conquerour.
(Dye by the fury of that ſauadge ſwine,
And with thy carkaſſe glut his rauenous maw.)

Herc. Perithous, I will bring thee to thy Bridals
This huge wilde ſwine, to feaſt the Centaurs with.
Diana's wrath ſhall be *Alcides* diſh,
Which hee'l preſent to *Hypodamia*.
Theſeus and *Philoctetes*, you conſort
Perithous, and aſſiſt the *Lapythes*
In theſe high preparations: We will take
The *Eremanthian* forreſt in our way.
Let's part, and ſacred Goddeſſe wiſh vs well
In our atchieuements.

Iuno. To be damn'd in hell. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Ceres *and* Proserpine *attired like the Moone, with a company of Swaines, and country Wenches: They sing.*

Song.

With faire Ceres *Queene of graine*
The reaped fields we rome, rome, rome,
Each Countrey Peasant, Nimph and Swaine
Sing their harueſt home, home, home;
Whilſt the Queene of plenty hallowes
Growing fields as well as fallowes.

Eccho double all our Layes,
Make the Champians ſound, ſound, ſound
To the Queene of harueſt praiſe,
That ſowes and reapes our ground, ground, ground.
Ceres *Queene of plenty hallowes,*
Growing fields as well as fallowes.

Ceres. As we are *Ceres*, Queene of all fertility,
The earthes ſiſter, Aunt to higeſt *Iupiter*,
And mother to this beauteous childe the Moone,
So will we bleſſe your harueſts, crowne your fields
With plenty and increaſe: your bearded eares
Shall make their golden ſtalkes of wheat to bend
Below their laden riches: with full ſickles
You ſhall receiue the vſury of their ſeeds.
Your fallowes and your gleabes our ſelfe will till
Frow euery furrow that your plow-ſhares raze
Vpon the plenteous earth, our ſiſters breaſt,
You ſhall caſt vp aboundance for your gratitude
To *Ceres* and the chaſte *Proſerpina*.

Proſ. Whil'ſt with theſe ſwaines my mother merry-makes,
And from their hands eates cakes of neweſt wheate,
The firſtlings of their vowed ſacrifice,
Leaue me behinde to make me various garlands
Of all the choyceſt flowers theſe medowes yeeld,
To decke my browes, and keep my face from ſcorches

Of *Phœbus* raies.

Ceres. That done returne to vs,
Vnto our Temple, where wee'l feaſt theſe ſwaines.

Proſerp. No ſooner ſhall faire *Flora* crowne my temples,
But I your offerings will participate.

Ceres. Now that the heauens and earth are both appeas'd,
And the huge Giants that aſſaulted *Ioue*,
Are ſlaughtered by the hand of *Iupiter*;
We haue leaſure to attend our harmeleſſe ſwaines:
Set on then to our Rurall ceremonies. *Exeunt ſinging.*

Tempeſts hence, hence winds and hailes,
Tares, cockle, rotten ſhowers, ſhowers, ſhowers,
Our ſong ſhall keep time with our flailes,
When Ceres *ſings, none lowers, lowers, lowers.*
She it is whoſe God-hood hallowes
Growing fields as well as fallowes.

Proſer. Oh! may theſe medowes euer barren be,
That yeeld of flowers no more variety.
Here neither is the white nor ſanguine Roſe,
The Straw-berry flower, the Paunce nor Violet:
Me thinkes I haue too poore a medow choſe,
Going to begge, I am with a begger met
That wants as much as I: I ſhould do ill
To take from them that need. Here grow no more,
Then ſerue thine owne deſpoyled breaſt to fiill,
The meades I rob, ſhall yeeld me greater ſtore.
Thy flowers thou canſt not ſpare, thy boſome lend,
On which to reſt whil'ſt *Phœbus* doth tranſcend.
She lyes downe.

Thunder. Enter Pluto, *his Chariot drawne in by Diuels.*

Pluto. What hurly-burly hath beene late in heauen
Againſt our brother *Ioue* omnipotent?
The Gyants haue made warre: great *Briareus*,

Whoſe

Whoſe hundred hands, a hundred ſwords at once
Haue brandiſh't againſt heauen, is topſie turn'd,
And tumbled headlong from th'Olimpicke Towers.
But big-limb'd *Typhon*, that aſſaulted moſt,
And hurl'd huge mountaines 'gainſt heauens chriſtall gates
To ſhatter them, wraſtled with *Ioue* himſelfe:
Whoſe heeles tript vp, kick't 'gainſt the firmament;
And falling on his backe, ſpread thouſand acres
Of the affrighted earth, aſtoniſh't *Iupiter*,
Leſt he ſhould riſe to make new vp-rores there,
On his right hand the mount *Pelorus* hurle:
Vpon his left ſpacious *Pachinne* lyes,
And on his legges, the land of *Liliby*:
His head the ponderous mountaine *Ætna* crownes,
From which the Gyant breathes infernall fires:
And ſtruggling to be freed from all theſe weights,
Makes (as he moues) huge earth-quakes that ſhake th'earth
And make our kingdomes tremble. Frighted thence,
We haue made aſcent to take a free ſuruey
Whether the worlds foundations be ſtill firme;
Leſt being cranied, through theſe concaue cliffes,
The Sunne and ſtarres may ſhine, to lighten hell.
Al's ſound, we haue ſtrooke th'earths baſſes with our mace,
And found the Center firme: Our Iron Chariot
That from his ſhod wheeles rufty darkneſſe flings,
Hath with our weight, prou'd mountaines, dales and rocks,
And found them no where hollow; All being well,
Wee'l cleaue the earth, and ſinke againe to hell.

Proſer. *Ceres*, oh helpe me father *Iupiter*,
Yon vgly ſhape affrights me.

Pluto. Ha, what's the matter?
Who breath'd that well-tun'd ſhrike, ſweet ſhape, bright beauty, *Pluto's* heart was neuer ſoft till now.
Faire mortall.

Proſer. Hence foule fiend.

Pluto. By Lethe, Styx, Cocytus, Acheron,
And all the terrors our blacke Region yeelds,

I see and loue, and at one instant both.
Kisse me.

Proser. Out on thee Hell-hound.

Pluto. What are you, beauteous Goddesse?

Proser. Nothing. Oh!
Helpe mother, father, *Ceres*, *Iupiter*.

Pluto. Be what thou canst, thou now art *Pluto's* rape,
And shalt with me to *Orcus*.

Proser. Clawes off Diuell.

Pluto. Fetch from my sister *Night* a cloud of darknesse
To roabe me in, in that Il'e hide this beauty
From Gods and mortals, till I sinke to hell.
Nay, you shall mount my Chariot.

Pros. *Ceres*, *Ioue*.

Pluto. *Ceres* nor *Ioue*, nor all the Gods aboue
Shall rob me this rich purchase. Yoake my stallions
That from their nostrils breath infernall fumes:
And when they gallop through these vpper worlds,
With fogges choake *Phœbus*, chace the starres from heauen,
And while my Ebon Chariot ore the rocks,
Clatters his Iron wheeles, make a noyse more hideous
Then *Panompheus* thunder.

Pros. Helpe heauen, helpe earth.

Pluto. Cleaue earth, and when I stampe vpon thy breast
Sinke me, my brasse-shod wagon, and my selfe,
My Coach-steeds, and their traces altogether
Ore head and eares in Styx.

Proser. You Gods, you men.

Pluto. Eternall darkenesse claspe me where I dwell
Sauing these eyes, wee'l haue no light in hell. *Exit.*

Enter Ceres.

Ceres. Where is my faire and louely *Proserpine?*
The feast is done, and she not yet return'd:
Speake *Ioues* faire daughter, whither art thou straid?
I haue sought the medowes, gleabes, and new-reap't fields,
Yet cannot finde my childe. Her scattered flowers,
And garland halfe made vp, I haue light vpon,

But

But her I cannot spy. Behold the trace
Of some strange wagon, that hath scorch't the fields,
And sing'd the grasse: these routes the sunne nere sear'd.
Where art thou loue? where art thou *Proserpine?*
Hath not thy father *Ioue* snatch't thee to heauen
Vpon his Eagle? I will search the spheares
But I will finde thee out: swift *Mercury*,
Ioues sonne, and *Mayas*; speake, speake from the clouds,
And tell me if my daughter be aboue.

Mercury flies from aboue.

Mer. Thy clamours (*Ceres*) haue ascent through heauen;
Which when I heard, as swift as lightning
I search't the regions of the vpper world,
And euery place aboue the firmament.
I haue past the planets, soar'd quite through the spheares;
I haue crost the Articke and Antarkicke poles.
Hot *Cancer*, and cold *Arctos* I haue search't,
Past th'Hyperboreans, and th Solsticies,
The Tropiques, Zones, Signes, Zeniths, Circles, Lines,
Yet no where can I finde faire *Proserpine.* *Exit Mercury.*

Ceres. If not in heauen, Il'e next inquire the earth,
And to the place where old *Oceanus*
Layes his hoare head in *Amphitrites* lap:
Il'e trauell till I finde my girle.
Assist me gracious *Neptune* in my search;
And *Tryton*, thou that on thy shelly Trumpet,
Summons the Sea-gods, answer from the depth,
If thou hast seene or heard of *Proserpine.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Tryton with his Trumpe, as from the sea.

Tryt. On *Neptunes* Sea-horse with my concaue Trumpe,
Through all th'Abysse, I haue shril'd thy daughters losse.
The channels cloath'd in waters, the low citties,
In which the water-Nymphes, and Sea-gods dwell,
I haue perus'd; sought through whole woods and forrests
Of leaueless Corrall planted in the deepes,
Tost vp the beds of Pearle, rouz'd vp huge Whales,

And sterne Sea-monsters from their rocky dennes,
Those bottomes, bottomlesse shallowes and shelues:
And all those currents where th'earths springs breake in,
Those plaines where *Neptune* feeds his Porposes,
Sea-morses, Seales, and all his cattell else.
Through all our ebbes and tides my Trump hath blaz'd her,
Yet can no cauerne shew me *Proserpine*. *Exit Tryton.*

Ceres. If heauen nor sea, then search thy bosome earth,
Faire sister *Earth*, for these beauteous fields
Spread ore thy breast; for all these fertill croppes,
With which my plenty hath inrich't thy bosome,
For all those rich and pleasant wreathes of graine
With which so oft thy Temples I haue crown'd:
For all the yearely liueries and fresh robes
Vpon thy sommer beauty I bestow,
Shew me my childe.

Earth riseth from vnder the stage.

Earth. Not in reuenge faire *Ceres*
That your remorsleſſe plowes haue rak't my breast,
Nor that your Iron-tooth'd harrowes print my face
So full of wrinkles, that you digge my sides
For marle and soyle, and make me bleed my springs
Through all my open'd veines, to weaken me;
Do I conceale your daughter: I haue spread
My armes from sea to sea, look't ore my mountaines,
Examin'd all my pastures, groues, and plaines,
Marshes and wowlds, my woods and Champian fields,
My dennes and caues; and yet from foot to head
I haue no place on which the Moone doth tread. *Earth sinkes.*

Ceres, Then *Earth* thou hast lost her: and for *Proserpine*
Il'e strike thee with a lasting barrennesse.
No more shall plenty crowne thy fertill browes,
Il'e breake thy plowes, thy Oxen murren-strike?
With Idle agues Il'e consume thy swaines,
Sow tares and cockles in thy lands of wheat,
Whose spykes the weed and cooch-grasse shall out-grow,
And choke it in the blade. The rotten showers

Shall

Shall drowne thy seed, which the hote sunne shall parch,
Or mill-dewes rot; and what remaines shall be
A prey to rauenous birds. Oh *Proserpine*!
You Gods that dwell aboue, and you below,
Both of the woods and gardens, riuers, brookes,
Fountaines and wels, some one among you all
Shew me her selfe or graue, to you I call.

The riuer Arethusa riseth from the stage.

Areth. That can the riuer *Arethusa* do,
My streames you know faire God desse, issue forth
From Tartary, by the Tenarian Isles:
My head's in Hell, where Stygian *Pluto* reignes,
There did I see the louely *Proserpine*,
Whom *Pluto* hath rap't hence; behold her girdle,
Which by the way dropt from her beauteous waste,
And scattered in my streames. Faire Queene adue,
Crowne you my banks with flowers, as I tell true. *Exit Are.*

Ceres. Hath that infernall monster stolne my childe?
Il'e mount the spheares, and there solicite *Ioue*,
To inuade the Stygian kingdomes, to redeeme
My rauish't daughter. If the Gods deny
That grace to *Ceres*, Il'e inuoke the helpe
Of some bold mortall: noble *Hercules*,
Who with his Club shall rouze th'infernall King,
Dragge out the furies with their snaky lockes,
Strangle hels Iudges in their scarlet robes,
And bring a double terrour to the damn'd.
Of Gods and Men I will inuoke the aides
To free my childe from those infernall shades.

Enter Hercules, Theseus, Perithous, Philoctetes, Hypodamia, the Centaurs, Nessus, Euritus, Chiron, Cillarus, Antimachus, Hippasus. At a banquet.

Herc. To grace thy feast faire *Hypodamia*,
The Eremanthian forrest we haue rob'd
Of that huge Boare: you Centaurs doubly shap't,

Feed with *Alcides* on that monſtrous ſwine,
That hath deuour'd ſo many Swaynes and Heards.
Theſ. Take *Theſeus* welcome for *Perithous* ſake,
And ſit with vs faire Princes, take your place
Next you *Alcides*; then the Centaurs round.
Antimac. Now by *Ixion*, that our grand-ſire was,
That dar'd to kiſſe the mighty thunderes wife,
And did not feare to cuckold *Iupiter*,
Thou doſt the Centaur's honour.
Neſſ. Let's quaffe the brides health in the bloud of grapes,
Wine begets mirth, and mirth becomes a bridall.
Perith. Fill then for *Neſſus* and *Antimachus*,
Let *Eurytus* and *Chiron* pledge it round.
Eur. Fill to vs all, euen till theſe empty bowles
Turne vp their bottomes 'gainſt the face of heauen.
Chi. Off ſhall all this to *Hipodamia's* health,
The beauteous bride: wil't pledge it *Hercules?*
Herc. Yes, were it deeper then the golden cup
Ioue quaffes in from the hand of *Ganimed*.
Silenthus, *Hippaſus*, and *Cillarus*,
To the faire Princeſſe of the *Lapythes*.
Anti. Shee's faire indeed, I loue her: wine and loue
Adde fire to fire. To *Philoctetes* this.
Phi. 'Tis welcome *Hippaſus*. Here *Cillarus*.
Cil. Faire *Hypodamia's* of the Centaurs brood,
Great *Biſtus* daughter, neere ally'd to vs,
Il'e take her health.
Perith. Gramercy *Cillarus*:
Il'e do the like to faire *Philonome*,
Thy ſweet She-Centaur.
Cil Double this to her.
Hyp. Crowne all your healths with mirth, let ioyes abound
And to *Philonome* let this go round.
Anti. Gramercies, 'laſſe my braine begins to ſwim,
I haue an appetite to kiſſe the bride,
I and I will.
Theſſ. What meanes *Antimachus?*

Anti.

Anti. Kisse *Hypodamia*, I, and ——

Thes. That's too much,
And more then any of the Centaurs dare.

Cil. Why? who should hinder him?

Thes. That *Theseus* will.

Anti. Ha, ha, haue I from the fierce Lyon torne her whelp?
Brought from the forrests she-Beares in my armes?
And dandled them like infants? plaid with them,
And shall I not then dare to kisse the bride?

Herc. Audacious Centaur, do but touch her skirt,
Prophane that garment *Hymen* hath put on;
Or with thy hideous shape once neere her cheeke,
Il'e lay so huge a ponder on thy skull,
As if the basses of the heauen should shrinke,
And whelme ore thee the marble firmament.

Anti. That will I try.

Cil. Assist *Antimachus.* *A confused fray with*
Peri. Rescue for *Hypodamia.* *stooles, cups & bowles,*
Chi. Downe with the *Lapythes.* *the Centaurs are beaten.*
Ness. Downe with *Hercules.*

Herc. You cloud-bred race, *Alcides* here will stand
To plague you all with his high *Iouiall* hand.

Alarme. Enter Iuno, *with all the Centaurs.*

Iuno. And shrinkes *Ixions* race? durst he aspire
To our celestiall bed? though for his boldnesse
He now be tortured with the wheele in hell?
And dare not you withstand base *Hercules?*
Currage braue *Hyppo-Centaurs*, let the bastard
Be hew'd and mangled with our conquering arme.
Renue the fight, make the Theffalian fields
Thunder beneath your hoofes, whilst they imprint
Vpon the earth, deepe semi-circled moones.
Let all your arm'd race gallop from the hils,
To inmure the faint deiected *Lapithes.*
Tis *Iuno*, whom your tortur'd grand-sire lou'd,

Bids you to Armes: lift vp your weapons hye
And in their fall may great *Alcides* dye.
Antimac. Our grand-fires wheeles cracke all that Centaurs bones,
That flyes when *Iuno* giues incouragement.
Chirus, Latreus, Neſſus, Euritus,
And all our race firſt tumbled in the clouds
That crown'd the mountaine toppes of *Theſſaly,*
Make head againe, follow *Antimachus,*
Whoſe braine through heated with the fumes of wine
Burnes with the loue of *Hypodamia.*
Theſeus, Perithous, and *Alcides,* all
Shall in this fury by the Centaurs fall.

Alarme. Enter to them Hercules, Theſeus, Perithous, *and* Philoctetes.

Herc. Behold the luſt-burn'd and wine-heated monſters
Once more make head; wee'l paſh them with our club.
This Centaure-match, it ſhall in ages,
And times to come, renowne great *Hercules.*
Vpon them, when we parlee with our foes:
Tongues peace: for we breake ſilence with our blowes.

Alarme. They fight, the Centaurs are all diſperſt and ſlaine. Enter with victory, Hercules, Theſeus, Perithous, Philoctetes, Hypodamia, *and others.*

Herc. Let *Theſſaly* reſound *Alcides* praiſe,
And all the two-ſhap't Centaurs that ſuruiue,
Quake when they heare the name of *Hercules.*
Were theſe *Theſſalian* monſters bred at firſt
By *Saturne* and *Philiris*, as ſome ſay,
When in equinall ſhape ſhe was deflour'd?
Or when *Ixion,* ſnatcht to heauen by *Ioue,*
And feaſted in the hye Olimpicke hall,
He ſought to ſtrumpet *Iuno?* The heauens Queene
Transform'd a cloud to her celeſtiall ſhape,
Of which he got the Centaurs. Be they bred

Of

Of earth or vapour, their hote fiery braines
Are now diſpurpled by *Alcides* Club,
And in their deaths renowne the *Lapythes*.
Theſ. *Ioues* ſonne was borne a terrour to the world,
To awe the tyrants that oppreſſe and ſway.
Perith. But moſt indebt to thee *Perithous* is,
That haſt reſtor'd a virgin and a bride,
Pure and vntouch't to ſleep in theſe my armes.
Hypoda. My tongue ſhall ſound the praiſe of *Hercules*.
My heart imbrace his loue.
Herc. Oh had bright *Iuno*
My louing ſtep-dame, ſeated in the clouds,
Beheld me paſh the Centaurs with my club,
It would haue fild her with celeſtiall ioyes;
Knowing that all my deeds of fame and honour
I conſecrate to her and *Iupiter*.
Of theſe proud Centaurs *Neſſus* is eſcapt,
The reſt all ſtrew the fields of *Theſſaly*. *Enter Ceres.*
Ceres. Reſerues the noble *Theban* all his valour
For th'ingrate *Iuno*, and hath ſtor'd no deed
Of honour for deiected *Ceres* here?
Ceres forlorne, forſaken and deſpis'd,
Whom neither obdure heauen, relentleſſe ſea,
Nor the rude earth will pitty.
Herc. Queene of plenty,
Lye it within the ſtrength of mortall arme,
The power of man, or worke of demi-god,
I am thy Champion.
Ceres. From heauen, earth and ſea,
Then *Ceres* muſt appeale to *Hercules*.
Know then I am rob'd of beauteous *Proſerpine*,
Tartarian Dis hath rap't my daughter hence;
Which when I heard, I skal'd the thundered throne,
And made my plaints to him, who anſwered me,
His power was onely circumſcrib'd in heauen,
And *Pluto* was as abſolute in hell
As he in heauen; nor would he muſter Gods

Againſt

Againſt the fiends, ore which his brother reign'd.
Next made I ſuit to haue *Neptune* call his waters,
And with his billowes drowne the lower world:
Who anſwered, the firme channell bounds his waues,
Nor is there paſſage betweene ſea and hell,
The earth beneath her center cannor ſinke,
Nor haue I hope from thence; onely great *Hercules*
Herc. Will vndertake what neither *Iupiter*,
Neptune, nor all the Gods dare make their taske:
The Stygian *Pluto* ſhall reſtore the moone,
Or feele the maſſe of this my ponderous club.
Comfort faire Queene, Il'e paſſe the poole of Styx,
And if leane *Charon* waftage ſhall deny,
The Ferry-man Il'e buffet in his barge.
Three-throated *Cerberus* that keepes hell-gates,
Shall (when we come to knocke) not dare to howle:
The ghoſts already dead, and doom'd, ſhall feare
To dye againe at ſight of *Hercules*.
Sterne *Minos*, *Æachus*, and *Rhadamant*,
Shall from the dreadfull ſeſſions kept in hell,
Be rouz'd by vs: wee'l quake them at that barre
Where all ſoules ſtand for ſentence: the three ſiſters
Shall crowch to vs. *Ceres*, wee'l ranſacke hell,
And *Pluto* from th'infernall vaults expell.
Theſ. *Theſeus* in this will ayd great *Hercules*.
Peri. And ſo *Perithous* ſhall.
Herc. Comfort Queene *Ceres*,
Whom neither Harpyes, Boares or Buls can tame,
The darke Cimerians muſt next ſound his fame:
Adue bright *Hypodamia* lately freed
From the adulterous Centaurs: Our renowne
That yet 'tweene heauen and earth doth onely ſhine,
Hell ſhall next blaze for beauteous *Proſerpine*.

HOMER.

Ere Hercules *the Stygian pooles inuade*
A taske which none but he durſt vndertake,

Without

Without both earthy and immortall ayde,
We Ioue *present; who once more doth forsake*
Heauen, for a mortall beauty; one more rare
Earth yeelded not, then Semele *the faire.*
Whilst Iuno, Hercules *with hate pursues,*
Neglecting Ioue, *he from the spheares espyes*
This bright Cadmeian, and the groues doth chuse
To court her in: How, and in what disguise
You next shall see, they meet first in the Chace,
Where they discourse, acquaint, kisse, and imbrace.

Dumbe shew. Enter Semele *like a huntresse, with her traine,* Iupiter *like a wood-man in greene: he woes her, and winnes her.*

What cannot Ioue, *infus'd with power diuine?*
He woes and winnes, enioyes the beauteous dame;
The iealous Iuno *spyes their loue in fine,*
Leaues off her enuy to Alcides *fame,*
And 'gainst this beauteous Lady armes her spleene,
Quite to destroy the bright Cadmeian Queene.
Your fauours still: some here no doubt will wonder,
To see the Thunderers loue perish by thunder.

Enter Iuno *and* Iris.

Iuno. Hast thou found him *Iris*?
Iris. Madame I haue.
Iuno. Where?
Iris. In the house of *Cadmus*, courting there
The fairest of the race, yong *Semele.*
Iuno. What am I better to be *Queene of heauen,*
To be the sister and the wife of *Ioue,*
When euery strumpet braues my Deity?
Whilst I am busied to lay traps and traines
For proud *Alcmena's* bastard, he takes time
For his adulterous rapes. *Europa* liues
Sainted in earth, *Calisto* shines a starre,

Iuſt in mine eye, by name of *Leſſer Beare*,
Io in *Ægypt* is ador'd a Goddeſſe:
And of my ſeruant *Argus* (ſlaine by *Mercury*)
There liues no note; ſaue that his hundred eyes
I haue tranſported to my peacockes traine.
Thus fall the friends of *Iuno*, whilſt his ſtrumpets
Front me on earth, or braue mine eye in heauen:
But *Semele* ſhall pay for't. In what ſhape
Saw'ſt thou him court that ſtrumpet?

Iris. Like a wood-man.

Iuno. I met him on the mountaine *Erecine*,
And tooke him for the yong *Hyppolitus*.

Iris I hau't; 'tis plotted in my braine,
To haue the ſtrumpet by her louer ſlaine.
Of her nurſe *Beroe* Il'e aſſume the ſhape,
And by that meanes auenge me on this rape. *Exeunt.*

Enter Semele *with her ſeruants and attendants.*

Semel. Oh *Iupiter*! thy loue makes me immortall,
The high Cadmeian is in my grace,
To that great God exalted, and my iſſue,
When it takes life, ſhall be the ſeed of Gods;
And I ſhall now be ranck't in equipage
With *Danae*, *Io*, *Leda*, and the reſt,
That in his amours pleas'd the thunderer beſt.
Me-thinkes ſince his imbraces fil'd my wombe,
There is no earth in me, I am all diuine:
Ther's in me nothing mortall, ſaue this ſhape,
Whoſe beauty hath cal'd *Ioue* himſelfe from heauen,
The reſt all pure, corruptleſſe and refin'd,
That hath daz'd men, and made th'immortall blinde.
Leaue vs, oh you vnworthy to attend
Or wait vpon Cadmeian *Semele*:
Hebe ſhall be my hand-mayd, and my wine
The hand of *Ioues* owne cup-bearer ſhall fill,
Il'e begge of him the Troian *Ganimed*

To

To be my page; and when I please to ride,
Borrow his Eagle through the ayre to glide.
Go call me hither my Nurse *Beroe*,
Whom I will make free-partner in my ioyes.

Enter Iuno in the shape of old Beroe.

Seru. *Beroe* attends your grace.

Sem. Oh my deere nurse! liues there on earth a Princesse
Equally lou'd and grac'd by *Ioue* himselfe?

Iuno. Out on thee strumpet, I could teare those eyes,
Whose beauty drew my husband from the skyes.

Sem. Am I not happy *Beroe*?

Iuno. Were you sure
'Twere *Ioue* himselfe this gladnesse did procure.
Madame, there many fowle impostors be,
That blinde the world with their inchastity:
And in the name of Gods, being scarce good men,
Iuggle with Ladyes, and corrupt their honors.
Thinke you yon stripling that goes clad in greene,
Is *Iupiter*?

Sem. I know him for heauens King,
Whose issue in my wombe I feele to spring.

Iuno. I thinke it not; but Lady this I know,
That Gods are so lasciuious growne of late,
That men contend their lusts to imitate..

Sem. Not *Iupiter*.

Iuno. Things truly reconcile,
You'l iumpe with me: how haue you beene the while,
Since you were breeding, now well, sometimes ill,
Subiect to euery imperfection still,
Apt to all chances other women be.
When were you lou'd of the high Deity,
That hath the guift of strength, power, health, and ioy,
The least of these could not your state annoy.

Sem. Thou putst me in mistrust, and halfe perswad'st me,
He is no more then mortall whom I loue.
How shall I proue him nurse?

Iuno. Il'e tell you madame; When you see him next,

Seeme with ſome ſtrange and vncoth paſſion vext,
And beg of him a boone, which till he grant,
Sweare he no more your fauours ſhall inchant.
Sem. Beroe, what boone?
Iuno. To hugge you in that ſtate
In which faire *Iuno* he imbrac'd ſo late.
To deſcend armed with celeſtiall fire,
And in that maieſty glut his deſire.
His right hand arm'd with lightning, on his head
Heauens maſſy crowne; and ſo to mount your bed.
So are you ſure he is a God indeed,
Obtaine this boone, and fairely may you ſpeed.
Sem. Thou haſt fir'd me *Beroe*.
Iuno. Thou ſhalt be on flame,
So great, the Ocean ſhall not quench the ſame.
Sem. Beroe away, my chamber ready make,
Toſſe downe on downe: for we this night muſt tumble
Within the armes of mighty *Iupiter*.
Of whom Il'e begge th'immortall ſweets of loue,
Such as from *Ioue* Imperiall *Iuno* taſtes.
Begone without reply, my loue's at hand.
Iuno. Thy death's vpon thy boone: this *Iuno* cheares,
That my reuenge ſhall mount aboue the ſpheares. *exit Iuno.*
Sem. I will not ſmile on him, lend him a looke,
As the leaſt grace, till he giue free aſcent
To fill me with celeſtiall wonderment.
Enter Iupiter *like a wood-man.*
Iup. Oh thou that mak'ſt earth heauen, & turn'ſt th'immortal
Into this ſhape terreſtriall, thou bright iſſue
Of old *Ægenor*, and the Cadmeian line,
For whom, theſe ſtony buildings we preferre
Before our Chriſtall ſtructures: that mak'ſt *Ioue*
Abandon the high counſels of the Gods
To treat with thee of loues faire blandiſhments:
Diuineſt of thy race, faire *Semele*
Fold in thy armes Olimpicke *Iupiter*.
Sem. Iupiter!

Iup. That *Iupiter* that with a powerfull nod
Shakes the heauens arches, ere the vniuerſe
Spreads dread & awe; and when we arme our ſelfe
With maieſty, make th'earths foundation tremble;
And all mortality flye like a ſmoake
Before our preſence vaniſh't and conſum'd.
Sem. Did *Semele* behold ſuch Maieſty,
She could beleeue this were the thunderers voyce,
Thou hee?
Iup. What meanes this ſtrangeneſſe *Semele?*
Haue I preferd thy beauty before hers
Whoſe ſtate fils heauen, whoſe food's *Ambroſia*,
Vpon whoſe cup the louely *Hebe* waits
When ſhe quaffes *Nectar*? whoſe bright Chariot
Is drawn with painted peacocks through the clouds
And am I thus receiu'd?
Sem. Thou bed with *Iuno?*
Baſe groome, thou art no better then thou ſeem'ſt,
And thy impoſtures haue deceiued a Princeſſe
Greater then ere deſcended from thy line.
Hence from my ſight thou earth, that haſt profan'd
The dreadfull thunderers name: what ſee I in thee
More then a man, to proue thy ſelfe a God?
Thou deifi'd? thy preſence groome is poore,
Thy 'hauiour ſleight, thy courtſhip triuiall,
Thou haſt not a good face, what's in thee worth
The fauour and the grace of *Semele?*
A God? alaſſe! thou art ſcarce a proper man.
Iup. Ha, fails my ſhape, is he that awes the Gods,
Now valued leſſe then man? why *Semele*
Proue me and what I can: wouldſt thou haue gold?
Il'e raine a richer ſhower in thy boſome
Then ere I powr'd on *Danae.*
Sem. Gold? what's that?
Which euery mortall Prince can giue his loue.
Iup. Wouldſt thou increaſe thy beauty or thy ſtrength?
Sem. I am nor fowle nor ſicke.

Iup. Wouldſt thou haue God-hood?
I will tranſlate this beauty to the ſpheares,
Where thou ſhalt ſhine the brighteſt ſtarre in heauen:
Il'e lift thy body from this terrene droſſe,
And on two eagles, ſwift as *Pegaſus*,
Wee'l take our daily progreſſe through the clouds.
Il'e ſhew thee all the planets in their ranke,
The monſtrous ſignes, the Lyon, Ramme and Bull,
The blacke-ſcald Scorpion, and the Cancers clawes.
Aske what thou wilt to proue my Deity,
And take it as thine owne faire *Semele*.

Sem. Grant me one boone, leſſe then the leaſt of theſe,
My armes ſhall ſpread thus wide to imbrace my loue,
In my warme boſome I will gloue thy hand,
And ſcale a thouſand kiſſes on thy lippes.
My fingers Il'e intangle in theſe curles,
And ſcarfe my Iuory arme about thy necke;
And lay my ſelfe as proſtrate to thy loue,
As th'earth her graſſe-greene apron ſpreads for raine.
Speake, ſhall I aske? or haue you power to grant?

Iup. By dreadfull Styx, an oath I cannot change,
But aske and haue.

Sem. Then bed with me to night,
Arm'd with the ſelfe-ſame God-hood, ſtate and power
You *Iuno* meet.

Iup. Blacke day, accurſed houre,
Thou haſt ask't too much, thy weake mortality
Cannot indure the ſcorthing fires of heauen.

Sem. Either you cannot doo't, as wanting might,
Or loath you are to breed me ſuch delight.
Is this your loue?

Iup. Thy death is in thy boone:
But 'tis thy fate, ſhe can it not recall,
Nor I vnſweare: the infant in her wombe
Not yet full growne and ripe, torments me moſt:
For in this raſh demand they both are loſt.

Sem. Il'e ſtand it at all dangers, and prepare

For

For this nights sport.

Iup. Aboue my thunders are,
Thither I must, and beeing arm'd, descend
To giue this beauty (in her rashnesse) end.

Sem. Remember by this kisse you keep your oath.

Iup. Neuer did *Ioue* to heauen ascend so loath;
Expect me this sad night.

Sem. With double ioy.
Celestiall sweets shall surfet me, and cloy
My appetite; the Gods are loath to impart
Their pleasures to vs mortals. Dance my hart,
And swim in free delights, my pleasures crowne,
This *Iouiall* night shall *Semele* renowne. *Exit Semele.*

Iuno *and* Iris *plac'd in a cloud aboue.*

Iuno. Come *Iris*, ore the loftiest pinnacles
Of this high pallace, let vs mount our selues,
To see this noble pastime: Is't not braue?

Iris. Hath her suit tooke effect? 'lasse *Semele*!

Iuno. Hang, burne her witch, be all such strumpets fir'd
With no lesse heat then wanton *Semele*.
Oh 'twill be gallant sport, wil't not *Iris*?
To see these golden roofes daunce in the aire.
These pinnacles shall pricke the floores of heauen,
These spires confused, tumble in the clouds;
And all flye vp and shatter at the approach
Of his great God-hood. Oh 'twould please me *Iris*
To see this wanton with her bastard, blowne
And hang'd vpon the high hornes of the moone.
The howre drawes on, we may from hence espy
Th'adultresse sprall, the pallace vpwards fly.

Enter two maids of Semeles chamber.

1. *Maid.* Questionlesse my Lady lookes for some great guests, that she makes all this preparation.

2. *Maid.* 'Tis not like she expects them at supper, because she herselfe is preparing to bed.

1. *Maid.* Did you note how she made vs tumble & tosse the bed before the making of it would please her?

2. *Maid:*

2. *Maid.* There hath beene tumbling and toſſing on that bed hath pleas'd her better; you know the youth in greene, he hath made my Lady lookered ere now.

1. *Maid.* You know ſhee is naturally pale; hee did but wraſtle with her to get her a colour.

2. *Maid.* The youth in greene hath giuen her a medicine for the greene ſickneſſe, I warrant her: I am deceiued, if (when they meet) it go not two to one of her ſide.

1. *Maid.* Why do you thinke her with childe.

2. *Maid.* Tis paſt thinking, I dare ſweare. But let's attend my Lady. *Enter Semele drawne out in her bed.*

Sem. Away, we will haue none partake our pleaſures,
Or be eye-witneſſe of theſe prodigall ſweets
Which we this night ſhall in aboundance taſte.
This is the houre ſhall deifie my earth,
And make this droſſe immortall: thankes my *Beroe*,
That thou haſt made me begge my happineſſe,
Shew'd me the way to immortallity,
And taught me how to emulate the Gods.
Deſcend great *Ioue* in thy full maieſty,
And crowne my pleaſures: here behold me ſpred,
To taſte the ſweets of thy immortall bed.

Thunder, lightnings, Iupiter *deſcends in his maieſty, his Thunderbolt burning.*

Iup. Thus wrapt in ſtormes, and black tempeſtuous clouds,
Lightning and ſhowers, we ſit vpon the roofes
And trembling Tarraſſes of this high houſe
That is not able to containe our power.
Yet come we not with theſe ſharpe thunders arm'd,
With which the ſturdy giants we orethrew,
When we the mighty *Typhon* ſunke beneath
Foure populous kingdomes: theſe are not ſo fiery,
The *Cyclopes* that vs'd to forge our bolts,
Haue qualifi'd their feruour, yet their violence
Is 'boue the ſtrength of mortals Beauteous *Semele*,
In ſteed of thee I ſhall imbrace thy ſmoake,

And

And claſpe a fumy vapour left in place
Of thy bright beauty, Stormy tempeſts ceaſe,
The more I frowne, the more their breathes increaſe.
Sem. What terror's this? oh thou immortall ſpeake!
My eyes are for thy maieſty too weake.

Thunder and lightning.

As he toucheth the bed it fires, and all flyes vp, Iupiter *from thence takes an abortiue infant.*

Iup. Receiue thy boone, now take thy free deſire
In thunder, tempeſt, ſmoake, and heauenly fire.
Iuno. Ha, ha, ha.
Faire *Semele's* conſum'd, 'twas acted well:
Come, next wee'l follow *Hercules* to hell.

Iupiter taking vp the Infant, ſpeakes as he aſcends in his cloud.

Iup. For *Semele* (thus ſlaine) the heauens ſhall mourne
In pitchy clouds, the earth in barrenneſſe;
The Ocean (for her ſlaughter) ſhall weepe brine,
And hell reſound her loſſe. Faire *Semele*
Nothing but aſhes now; yet this remainder,
That cannot dye, being borne of heauenly ſeed,
I will conſerue till his full time of birth:
His name Il'e *Bachus* call, and being growne,
Stile him, *The God of Grapes*; his Bachenals
Shall be renown'd at feaſts, when their light braines
Swim in the fumes of wine. This all that's left
Of *Semele*, vnto the heauens Il'e beare,
Whoſe death this *Motto* to all mortals lends:
He by the Gods dyes, that 'boue man contends.

HOMER.

Let none the ſecrets of the Gods inquire,
Leſt they (like her) be ſtrooke with heauenly fire.
But we againe to Hercules *returne,*
Now on his iourney to the vaults below,
Where diſcontented Proſerpine *doth mourne,*
There's made to cheere her an infernall ſhow.

Hels Iudges, Fates and Furies ſummond beene
To giue free welcome to the Stygian Queene.

A dumbe ſhew of Pluto *and all his Diuels, preſenting ſeuerall gifts and ſhewes to cheere, but ſhe continues in her diſcontent.*

All this and more (the beauteous Queene to cheare)
Pluto *deuis'd, but ſtill her griefe remaines:*
No food ſhe taſtes within the gloomy ſpheare,
Saue of a ripe Pomegranat ſome few graines.
The next thing we preſent (ſit faire and well)
You ſhall behold a Holy-day in hell.

Enter Theſeus, Perithous, and Philoctetes armed.
Theſ. Saw you not *Hercules?*
Perith. Noble *Theſeus* no.
I left him in the forreſt, chacing there
Dianaes Hart, and ſtriuing to out-run
The ſwift-foot beaſt.
Theſ. His actiue nimbleneſſe
Out-flies the winged bird, out-ſtrips the ſteed,
Catcheth the hare, & the ſwift grey-hound tires
Out-paceth the wilde Leopard, and exceeds
Beaſts of moſt actiue chace.
Phi. We haue arriu'd
At *Tenaros*; this is the mouth of hell,
Which by my counſell, wee'l not ſeeke to enter
Till *Hercules* approach.
Theſ. Not enter *Philoctetes?*
Our ſpirits may compare with *Hercules.*
Though he exceed our ſtrength, I with my ſword
Will beat againſt blacke *Tartarus* Ebon gates,
And dare the triple-headed dogge to armes,
Hels tri-ſhap't porter.
Phi. Not by my perſwaſion.
Peri. Perithous will aſſiſt his noble friend,
And in this worke preuent great *Hercules.*

Let's

Let's rouze the hell-hound, call him from his lodge,
And (maugre *Cerberus*) enter hels-mouth,
And thence redeeme the rauiſh't *Proſerpine.*
Theſ. Had *Orpheus* power by muſicke of his harpe,
To charme the curre, pierce *Orcus*, *Pluto* pleaſe,
And at his hands begge faire *Euridice*:
And ſhall not we as much dare with our ſwords,
As he with fingring of his golden ſtrings:
Come, let our ioynt aſſiſtance rouze the fiend,
Thunder againſt the ruſty gates of hell,
And make the Stygian kingdomes quake with feare.
They beate againſt the gates. Enter Cerberus.
Cerb. What mortall wretch, that feares to dye aboue
Hath trauel'd thus farre to enquire out death?
Theſ. We that haue blaz'd the world with deeds of praiſe
Muſt fill the Stygian Empire with our fame;
Then rouze thee thou three-throted curre, and taſte
The ſtrength of *Theſeus.*
Cerb. Theſe my three empty throats you three ſhall gorge,
And when my nailes haue torne you limbe from limbe,
Il'e ſit and feaſt my hunger with your fleſh.
Theſe phangs ſhall gnaw vpon your cruded bones,
And with your bloods Il'e ſmeare my triple chaps,
Your number fits my heads, and your three bodies
Shall all my three-throats ſet a worke at once.
Il' worry you; and hauing made you bleed,
Firſt ſucke your iuice, then on your entrails feed.
Perithous fights with Cerberus, and is ſlaine.
Theſ. Hold bloudy fiend, and ſpare my noble friend,
The honour of the worthy *Lapythes*
Lyes breathleſſe here before the gates of hell:
Ceaſe monſter, ceaſe to prey vpon his body,
And feed on *Theſeus* here. *Theſeus is wounded.*
Cerb. Il'e eate you all. *Enter Hercules.*
Herc. Stay and forbeare your vp-roare, till our club
Stickle amongſt you: whil'ſt we in the chace
Haue catch't the ſwift and golden-headed ſtagge,

These valiant *Greekes* haue sunke themselues beneath
The vpper world, as low as *Erobus*.
Whom see we? *Theseus* wounded, yong *Perithous*
Torne by the rauenous phangs of *Cerberus*.
My griefe conuert to rage, and sterne reuenge.
Come, guard thee well infernall *Cambal*,
At euery stroke that lights vpon thy skull,
Il'e make thee thinke the weight of all the world
And the earths huge masse shall crowne thee.
Cerb. Welcome mortall,
Thou com'st to mend my breake-fast, thou wilt yeeld me many a fat bit.
Herc. Il'e make thee eate my club,
And swallow this fell mastiffe downe thy panch.
At euery weighty cuffe Il'e make thee howle,
And set all hell in vp-roare: when thou roarest,
Thy barking groanes shall make the brasen Towers
Where ghosts are tortur'd, eccho with thy sound.
Plutoes blacke guard at euery deadly yell,
Shall frighted run through all the nookes of hell.

Hercules beats Cerberus, and binds him in chaines.

Herc. Keep thou this rauenous hell-hound gyu'd & bound,
Hels bowels I must pierce, and rouze blacke *Dis*,
Breake (with my fists) these Adamantine gates,
The Iron percullis teare, and with my club
Worke my free passage (maugre all the fiends)
Through these infernals. Lo, I sinke my selfe
In *Charons* barge, Il'e ferry burning Styx,
Ransacke the pallace where grim *Pluto* reignes,
Mount his tribunall, made of sable Iet,
Despight his blacke guard, stownd him in his chaire,
And from his arme snatch beauteous *Proserpine*.
Ghosts, Furies, Fiends shall all before vs flye,
Or once more perish, and so doubly dye.

Hercules *sinkes himselfe: Flashes of fire; the Diuels appeare at euery corner of the stage with seuerall fire-workes. The Iudges*

of

of hell, and the three sisters run ouer the stage, Hercules *after them: fire-workes all ouer the house. Enter* Hercules.

Herc. Hence rauenous vulture, thou no more shalt tire
On poore *Prometheus*, *Danae* spare your tubs,
Stand still thou rowling stone of *Sisiphus*,
Feed *Tantalus* with apples, glut thy panch,
And with the shrinking waues quench thy hote thirst.
Thy bones *Ixion*, shall no more be broke
Vpon the torturing wheele: the Eagles beake
Shall *Titius* spare at sight of *Hercules*,
And all the horrid tortures of the damn'd
Shall at the wauing of our club dissolue.

Enter Pluto *with a club of fire, a burning crowne,* Proserpine, *the Iudges, the Fates, and a guard of Diuels, all with burning weapons.*

Pluto. Wer't thou Imperiall *Ioue*, that swaies the heauens,
And in the starry structure dwel'st aboue,
Thou canst not reuell here: my flaming Crowne
Shall scortch thy damn'd soule with infernall fires.
My vassaile Furies with their wiery strings,
Shall lash thee hence, and with my Ebon club
Il'e ding thee to the lowest *Barathrum.*

Herc. First shall this engine arm'd with spikes of steele,
That fore the gates of hell strooke flat thy curre,
Fall with no lesse power on thy burning sconce,
Then should great *Ioue* the massy center hurle,
And turne the worlds huge frame vpon thy head.

Pluto. Vpon him Diuels.

Herc. Ayd me powers Diuine,
From these blacke fiends to rescue *Proserpine.*

Hercules *fels* Pluto, *beats off the Diuils with all their fire-workes, rescues* Proserpine.

Now are we King of *Orcus*, *Acheron*,
Cocytus, *Styx*, and fiery *Phlegeton.*

Pros. Long liue *Alcides*, crown'd with Godlike honours,

For reſcuing me out of the armes of *Dis*,
The vnder-world, and fiery iawes of hell.
All the ghoſts. Long liue eterniz'd noble *Hercules*,
That hath diſſolu'd our torments.
Rha. Hercules, attend th'vnchanging doome of *Rhadamant*,
And if the Gods be ſubiect to the Fates,
Needs muſt thou (noble *Greeke*) obey their doome,
Lo, in their name, and in the awfull voyce
Of vs the reuerend Iudges, to whoſe doome
Thou once muſt ſtand: I charge thee ſtir not hence,
Till we haue cenſur'd thee and *Proſerpine*.
Is not the power of *Ioue* confin'd aboue?
And are not we as abſolute in ſtate
Here in the vaults below? To alter this
The heauens muſt faile, the ſunne melt in his heat,
The elements diſſolue, Chaos againe
Confuſe the triple Maſſe, all turne to nothing:
Now there is order: Gods there are, and Diuels:
Theſe reward vertue; the other puniſh vice.
Alter this courſe you mingle bad with good,
Murder with pitty, hate with clemency.
Ther's for the beſt no merit, for the offender
No iuſt infliction.
Herc. Rhadamant ſpeakes well.
Pluto. To whom will *Hercules* commit this buſineſſe?
Herc. I will appeale to *Ioue*, and to the Planets,
Whoſe powers, though bownded, yet infuſe their might
In euery mortall.
Æacus. Them the Fates ſhall ſummon,
Of whom this beauteous mayd, the *Moone*, is one,
The loweſt of the ſeuen: you reuerend ſiſters,
Who all things that are paſt be, and to come,
Keepe regiſtred in braſſe, aſſemble there.
Herc. Be *Ceres* pleas'd, *Alcides* is content:
Nor can ſhe ſtand to better Iuſtices
Then to the Gods and Planets.

Sownd

Sound. Enter Saturne, Iupiter, Iuno, Mars, Phœbus, Venus, and Mercury: they take their place as they are in height. Ceres.

Satur. I know this place, why haue you ſummon'd *Saturne*
To hell, where he hath beene to arraigne the Moone?
Theſe vncoth cauernes better ſuit my ſadneſſe
Then my high ſpheare aboue, whence to all mortals
I ſhoot my thicke and troubled melancholy.
Say, what's the buſineſſe? ſay.
Iup. Ceres, thy preſence
Tels me thy ſuit is 'bout thy daughters rape.
Ceres. Is ſhe not thine? and canſt thou ſuffer her
To be intoomb'd in hell before her time?
Iuno. Cannot hell ſwallow your ambitious baſtard?
But (maugre all theſe monſters) liues he ſtill?
Phœb. I ſaw grim *Pluto* in my daily progreſſe
Hurry her in his chariot ore the earth.
Venus. What could he leſſe do if he lou'd the Lady?
Mars. Venus is all for loue.
Mercu. And *Mars* for warre,
Sometimes he runnes a tilt at *Venus* lippes,
You haue many amorous bickerings.
Mars. Well ſpoke *Mercury.*
Saturne. Come we hither
To trifle, or to cenſure? what would *Pluto*?
Pluto. Keepe whom I haue.
Ceres. Canſt ſuffer't *Iupiter*?
Herc. I won her from the armes of Stygian *Pluto*,
And being mine, reſtore her to her mother.
Ceres. And ſhall not *Ceres* keepe her? ſpeake great *Ioue.*
Iup. Thy cenſure *Rhadamant.*
Rhad. The Fates, by whom your powers are all conſcrib'd,
Pronounce this doome: If ſince her firſt arriue
She hath taſted any food, ſhe muſt of force
Be euerlaſtingly confin'd to hell.
Pluto. Aſculaphus, thou didſt attend my Queene,
Hath ſhe yet taſted of our Stygian fruits?

That

That we may keepe her ſtill?

Aſcu. I ſaw her in her mouth chaw the moiſt graines of a Pomegranate.

Ceres. Curſt *Aſculaphus*,
Il'e adde vnto thy vglineſſe, and make thee
A monſter, of all monſters moſt abhor'd.

Pluto. Your cenſures, oh you Gods, is ſhe not *Pluto's*?
Giue your free cenſures vp.

All. She muſt be *Pluto's*.

Ceres. The Gods are partiall all.

Pluto. Welcome my Queene.

Herc. What can *Alcides* more for *Ceres* loue,
Then ranſacke hell, and reſcue *Proſerpine*?
Needs muſt our further conqueſts here take end,
When Gods and Fates againſt our force contend.

Ceres. Iuſtice, oh iuſtice, thou Omnipotent.
Rob not thy *Ceres* of her beauteous childe,
Either reſtore my daughter to the earth,
Or baniſh me to hell.

Saturn. Ceres you are fond,
Th'earth cannot want your plenty: your fertility
Will worſe become hell ſcortched barrenneſſe.
Let's breake this Seſſions vp, I am dull.

Iup. You Gods aboue
And powers below, attend the Thunderers voyce,
And to our moderation lend an eare
Of reuerence. *Ceres*, the Fates haue doom'd her
The Bride of *Pluto*; nor is ſhe diſparaged
To be the ſiſter of Olimpicke *Ioue*.
The rape that you call force, we title Loue:
Nor is he leſſe degree'd, ſaue in his lot,
To vs that ſway the heauens. So much for *Pluto*.
Now beauteous *Ceres* we returne to you,
Such is your care to fill the earth with plenty,
To cheriſh all theſe fruits, from which the mortals
Oſtend their gratitude to vs the Gods
In ſacrifice and offrings, that we now

Thus

Thus by our dread power, mittigate the ſtrictneſſe
Of the Fates doome: we haue not (oh you Gods)
Purpoſe to do our Stygian brother wrong,
Nor rob the heauens the Planet of the Moone,
By whom the ſeas are ſway'd: Be ſhe confin'd
Below the earth, where be the ebbes and tides?
Where is her power infus'd in hearbes and plants?
In trees for buildings? ſimples phiſicall?
Or minerall mines? Therefore indifferent *Ioue*
Thus arbitrates: the yeare we part in twelue,
Cal'd *Moneths of the Moone*: twelue times a yeare
She in full ſplendor ſhall ſupply her orbe,
And ſhine in heauen: twelue times fill *Pluto's* armes
Below in hell. When *Ceres* on the earth
Shall want her brightneſſe, *Pluto* ſhall enioy it,
When heauen containes her, ſhe ſhall light the earth
From her bright ſpheare aboue. Parted ſo euen,
We neither fauour hell, nor gloze with heauen.

Plu. *Pluto* is pleas'd.

Ceres. *Ceres* at length agreed.

Proſer. *Ioue* is all iuſtice, and hath well decreed.

Iup. Say all the planets thus?

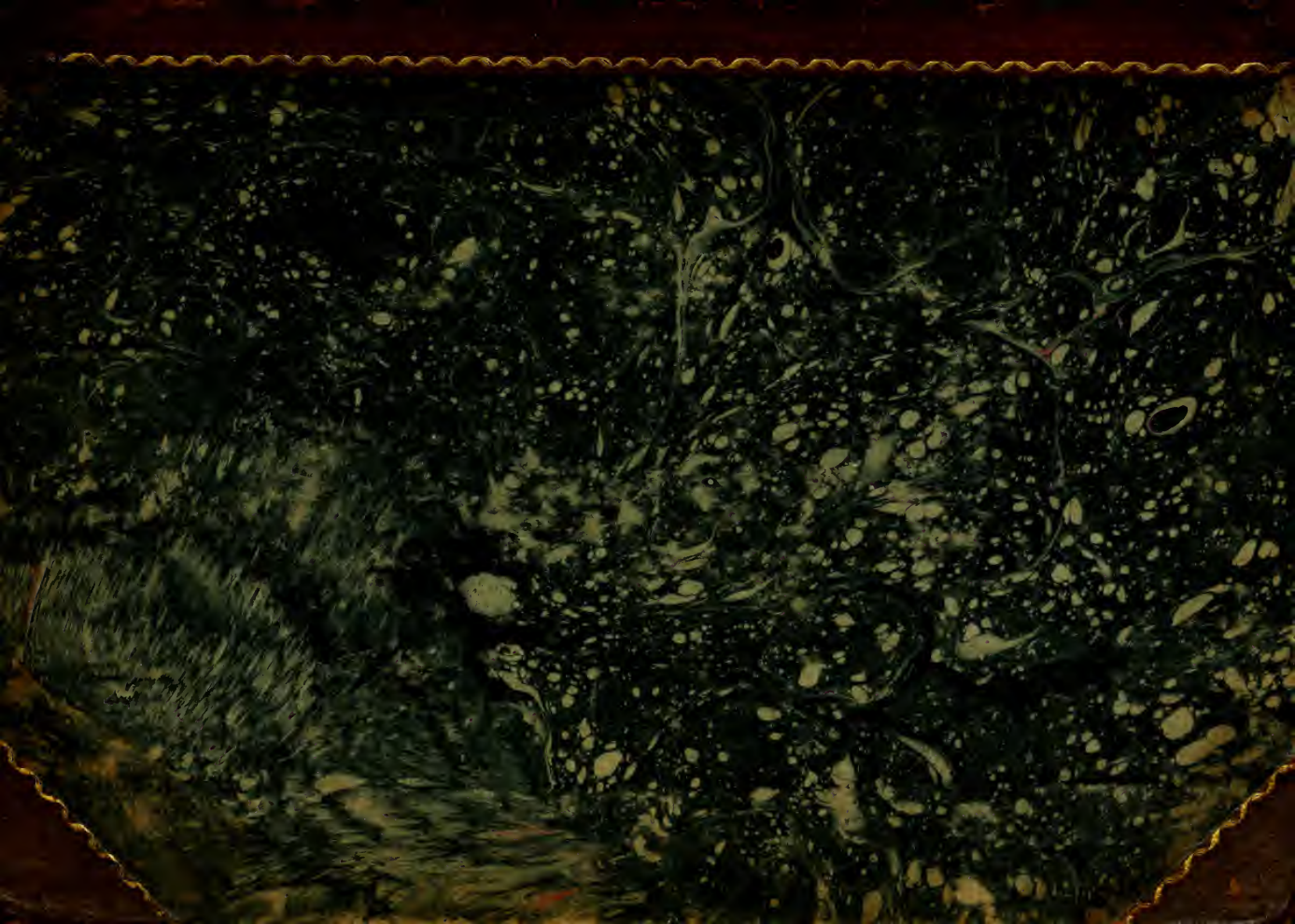
All. We do.

Iup. Our Seſſions we diſſolue then. *Hercules*,
We limit you to dragge hence *Cerberus*,
To the vpper world, and leaue thee to the vniuerſe
Where thou ſhalt finiſh all thy *Iouiall* taskes;
Proceed and thriue. You that to earth belong,
Aſcend to your mortality with honors,
The Gods to heauen: *Pluto* and his keepe hell,
The Moone in both by euen attonement dwell.

Exeunt three wayes Ceres, Theſeus, Philoctetes, *and* Hercules *dragging* Cerberus *one way*: Pluto, *hels Iudges, the Fates and Furies downe to hell*: Iupiter, *the Gods and Planets aſcend to heauen.*

Enter HOMER.

Our full Sceane's wane, the Moones arraignment ends,
Ioue *and his mount,* Pluto *with his descends.*
Poore HOMER'S *left blinde, and hath lost his way,*
And knowes not if he wander or go right,
Vnlesse your fauours their cleare beames display.
But if you daine to guide me through this night,
The acts of Hercules *I shall pursue,*
And bring him to the thrice-raz'd wals of Troy:
His labours and his death Ile shew to you.
But if what's past your riper iudgements cloy,
Here I haue done: if ill, too much: if well,
Pray with your hands guide HOMER *out of hell.*

FINIS.

APR 14 1922